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RUSSIAN AND BULGARIAN FOLK-LORE STORIES

TRANSLATED FROM KAREL ERBEN'S
"ONE HUNDRED POPULAR SLAVONIC FOLK-LORE STORIES,"
WITH NOTES, ESSAYS, ETC.

LIBRA
OF THE
BOMBA
BRANC
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC

BY

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(TRIN. COLL., CAM.)

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PREFACE.

THE present small volume completes the translation of Karel Erben's "A Hundred Genuine Popular Slavonic Fairy Stories." The first volume, "Segnius Irritant," maps out, so to say, the primitive folk-lore weather myth, of which nearly the whole of the succeeding ninety-two stories are wholly or in part reproductions. In reperusing Grimm's Home Fairy Stories, I observed that in them, as well as in practically the whole of Bernoni's excellent collection of Venetian popular tales, the primitive type is traceable. Even stories which are due almost wholly to popular wit and fancy, and may be indeed records of fact, generally bear some slight impressions of the old-world myths about them, much as the butchers of Liguria to this day adorn the front and horns of the beasts' heads in their shops with gold leaf. A good instance of such a story is the one in Grimm about the little boy who, seeing his parents maltreat his grandfather, makes a little pig-trough, and on being asked what it is for by his parents, replies that it is for them when they are old and superannuated. The fact is, the popular mind of Central and Northern Continental Europe has for centuries been so saturated with the ancient saws or sagas, that when it attempts to invent on its own account, either for amusement or to prevent its brats from playing truant and getting burnt or drowned, it seldom or never is capable of doing more than reproduce consciously or unconsciously what has been previously dinned into its own childish ears. Perhaps the anti-climax of "The Three Citrons" has produced the largest crop of stories, amplifications, or abridgments, as the case may be. Possibly, however, the concluding section of "The Three Citrons" is a curtailment of one of the more expanded forms. The central idea of all these stories is that the hero or heroine is forbidden to do something, does it, and ill results; which, however, is ultimately conjured. The commonest form of this story is the Bluebeard one; and it will be noted that in several of the Russian stories it allegorizes the final triumph of the spring in a way beyond all possibility of doubt, exactly as the reasoning in Segnius Irritant proved that the anti-climax of "The Three Citrons" must do. It may very well be, therefore, that something of the kind was the form of the original anti-climax. And yet there are competent authorities who still believe that the Bluebeard story is of quite recent date! Many of the East and South-East Slav stories bear unmistakeable traces of Buddhist influence. The names Rahula—a sacred Buddhist town, and also the name of his son—and Kapilavastu, the birthplace of Gautama himself, occur in them. If I am not mistaken, Saralawsky is also a corruption of the name of some sacred Buddhist town. There is nothing very surprising in this when we remember that Buddhist missionaries had invaded Macedonia and most of the Levant at least as early as the third century before Christ. At the time of Christ the Buddhist Monastery of the Twelve (the Essenes) had long been established to the west of the Dead Sea—Pliny the Elder says for thousands of ages (? generations)—and excited the admiration of the Roman naturalist. Indeed, there is little doubt but that all the less offensive moral dogmas taught, and more or less believed in, by Christians are Indian and Chinese, and most likely reached them through the channel of this and other similar Buddhist institutions (*vide* Lightfoot and the "Encyclopædia Britannica").

It is a significant fact that the legends from the Krajin, a part of Bosnia or contiguous to it, and where the Bosnian dialect is spoken, are many of them satires upon the drunken Christian sots of those regions; and that it was just in those regions that the sect of the Bohumilas, to whom we owe Protestantism and the Reformation, first asserted itself. Now the central idea of the Bohumilas was a return from dogma and ceremonial to temperance and morals, as a means of saving their souls. Indeed, like the Buddhists themselves, they did not dwell particularly on the "sweet bye and bye," but contented themselves with a pious hope that if they did right in this life, all would be well with them when it ceased. It is also far from unlikely that much of the Balkan Buddhism became absorbed in Mohammedanism, which has or had many points in common with it, just as something of the same kind is said to have happened in Bengal. This would doubly explain the rough humour of the stories about Kurent and his wine-bibbing devotees.

The Russian stories are divided into four classes (omitting the sub-dialects), viz., White, Little, Great, and Old Russian—the language of the Church. As to the language itself, so far as can be judged from the writing, the White and Little Russian dialects are extremely harsh; indeed, many of the words must be practically unpronounceable by the Western lingual and vocal organs. This is less the case with the Great Russian, which certainly possesses the power of expressing emotion, and particularly the emotion of a hopeless and crushing melancholy, in a very remarkable degree. The Great Russian stories are marred by a certain puerility and incoherence, not to say silliness; but they also show flashes of a gorgeously wild imagination, resembling in this and their primitive incoherence the Lapp and Finnish legends. They are also—and this is not the case with the Lapp and Finnish ones—marred by excessive repetitions, which is much less marked in the White and Little Russian stories. I conjecture that this excessive repetition is due to the stories circulating among a very illiterate peasantry, and that the repetitions are a sort of *memoria technica* to keep the stories from falling to pieces. These repetitions have been reproduced in full, except that here and there slightly different phrases have sometimes been substituted. In some of the more trivial stories, such as "Ilya Murovets" and "The Brigand Nightingale," I have allowed myself a certain latitude in the translation; in other cases I have endeavoured to be as literal as possible. The stories are written in about thirty different languages, dialects, and sub-dialects, with which I cannot pretend to any close familiarity, so that many mistranslations must here and there have occurred. A good deal of conscientious care and drudgery has, however, been expended to render the translations fair representatives of the originals; and in some doubtful cases, the help of competent Slavs has been applied for.

If I remember rightly, the few English critics who did me the honour of noticing "Segnius Irritant" limited themselves to vilifying the author and translator. If any of these estimable people should deign to notice this concluding volume, and could condescend from personal abuse to pointing out errors in translation or grammar, they would be more likely to credit themselves and the school of British critics to which they belong.

In the First Appendix is given the Bohemian compiler's Preface to the whole work, and in the Second an excellent and most useful Index, showing the different sources from which the stories have been compiled.

Additional Note (June, 1907).

On the completion of this first-hand translation of Slav folk-lore a few words may be said. No one, so far as I know, has attempted the translation of a selection of Slav myths and fairy stories direct from thirty or more Slav languages and dialects; so that to the folk-lorist this work is a valuable gift, perhaps a unique one. With a few exceptions, collections of Slavonic folk-lore stories come through the French, translated by some gifted English lady who knows French. Now, for translation, the French mind and the French language are the worst adapted of any; and, after the gifted English lady has tried her 'prentice hand upon them, to the folk-lorist and man of science they are very much worse than useless, because utterly misleading.

With respect to the present translations, my principle has been to endeavour to be as verbally accurate as possible in those stories which appeared to be of scientific value; in others, where style rather predominated, I have allowed myself greater latitude, at the same time attempting to keep as closely as possible to the original. Where I have learnt the languages in the Slav countries themselves and had lessons there, it has not been necessary to have the stories revised, nor in the case of the kindred lingos or dialects. *In every other case* they have been carefully revised by the most suitable person for the purpose to be found.

The stories are of immense value and interest to the philosophical folk-lorist, besides containing a considerable amount of embedded history. For instance, the Balkan section proves, practically to demonstration, that, as Romesh Dutt maintains, Asoka's monks, shortly after the death of Alexander, reached Macedon and spread Buddhism there as far as the land of the Bohumilas. In fact, the Bosnian protest against sacrificial sacerdotalism was nothing but a revival of Buddhism under other forms; and as it was the Bohumilas who brought about by indirect means our Western religious attempts at reformations, these are also chiefly or entirely a return, or a partial return, to Buddhism. An indirect indication of this is the eagerness of the High Church clergy and bishops to Romanize, in order to retain and fix permanently the sacrificial element in their creed, which is what Buddhism has fought against successfully. And so the child, the folk-lorist, and the historian will find much to amuse, interest, and instruct them in these pages.

A lie which is quite a lie can be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is half a truth is a harder matter to fight.

THE TRANSLATOR.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Segnius Irritant: Eight Primitive Folk-lore Stories from Karel Jaromir Erben's "A Hundred Genuine Popular Slavonic Fairy Stories in the original dialects." Translated and compared, with illustrative diagrams, notes, comments, tables, and two supplementary essays. Cloth, gilt and silver. 4s.

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WHITE RUSSIAN (FROM THE PROVINCE OF GRODNO).

Frost, Sun and Wind.

A MAN was once walking by himself along a road and met Frost, Sun and Wind. On meeting them he said, "Good morning!" To which of them was that good morrow addressed? The Sun said that it was to him: "that I might refrain from broiling him;" and the Frost said: "no, it was to me and not to thee; for there is nothing he fears so much as thee." "How thou liest—how untrue that is," says the Wind finally; "the man greeted not you, but me." They began to get quite heated; wrangled, scolded, all but seized one another by their furs; nay, began to tussle and wrestle with one another. "Well, since the matter stands thus, let us ask the man himself who the greeting was intended for—for me or you?" They caught the man up and asked him. He replied: "For the Wind." "There, see! did I not say that it was for me?" "Wait a bit," says the Sun, "I will fry you to a German sausage. Mind what I say!" But the Wind says, "Never fear lest he fry thee: I will blow and cool our friend." "I will freeze thee, pygmy," says the Frost. "Don't be alarmed, good fellow; then I will not blow, and he will not be able to do you any harm, without the Wind to freeze you."

Pakatsegaroshak (Kulihrášek); or, the Ball-player.

In a certain Czarstve (kingdom) and in a certain domain, by the sea, by the ocean, on an island, on Buyan, stood a green oak; and under the oak a roasted ox, and in its side a well-sharpened knife. Every time the knife drew itself he pleased to feast. And this story is not a mere fairy story; but who will listen to my story, may he have sables, and mink-fur, and a lovely girl, and a hundred roubles for himself and fifty for his light-o'-love.

There was once a man and woman; and the woman went for water, taking a pitcher; and, having filled it with water, she took it home, and saw, all at once, on the road, a pea rolling about. She thought to herself: "Lo, a veritable godsend!" picked it up and ate it. From this pea quickly developed within her a little boy, and in due time was born into the world; and grew not by years, but by hours, like peasemeal dough in the leavening bowl. And she tended him and fondled him as her best treasure, and sent him to school—a school for three or four years—and he learnt everything in a single year, and he had never a book to learn from. He came home from the school to his father and mother. "There, my dear little father and mother, a long farewell to my instructors, for I have gone to school enough. I, by God's goodness, know more and better than they do." Then he went into the street to amuse himself and collected pins, and brought them to his father and mother. To his father he said, "Look, here is iron for you. Take it to the blacksmith and have a seven-pound ball made for me." His father made no verbal reply, but only reflected in his mind: "God has given me not at all the sort of boy I wanted. I deemed him of mediocre intelligence, and he begins to make a fool of me already. How can one have a seven-pound ball made out of a few pins?" The father, having a good round sum in gold, silver and notes, trudged off to the town, bought seven pounds of iron, and took it to the blacksmith's forge to cast. They made him a seven-pound ball, and he brought it home.

Pakatsegaroshak came out of the back yard, carrying his seven-pound ball, and heard a storm in the sky, and threw the ball beyond the clouds. Then he returned to the back yard. "Mother, behold me! look at my head, before I go away. A nasty fly is biting me, for I am a young hero." Having risen from his mother's knee, he went out into the courtyard and saw a rain-cloud in the sky. He fell on the damp earth with his right ear to it; and having risen, called to his father: "Oh! papa, come here! Listen how it roars and rumbles. My ball is falling to the earth again." He put out his knee to catch the ball: the ball struck his knee and split in two. He turned angrily on his father: "Father, why didn't you have the ball made of the iron pins I gave you? If you had done so, it would not have broken in the mere falling. Look! here is the same iron; go and have it made up; do not add yours. The smith forged the iron in the fire, and began to beat it with hammers and draw it out, and made a seven-pound ball of it. There was enough and to spare.

Pakatsegaroshak took his seven-pound ball and went off on his travels along the bare high-road. On and on he trudged. And then Verneegar met him. "Good morrow, brother Pakatsegaroshak; whither away by road and lane?" And Pakatsegaroshak replied: "Who are you, pray?" He answered: "I am the strong and mighty hero Verneegar." "Will you be my mate?" says Pakatsegaroshak. And he: "Oh! rather, and serve you well, too." And they trudged on together: on and on until the strong and mighty hero Verindoob met them. "Good morrow, brothers!" "Good day!" "What sort of fellows are you?" enquired Verindoob. "No other than Pakatsegaroshak and Verneegar." "Where are you off to?" "We are off to such and such a town: a dragon there devours the people: we are going to kill it." "Would it be impossible for me to associate myself with you?" "Oh! come on," says Pakatsegaroshak. So they reached the town, and presented themselves to the king. "What sort of fellows are you?" "We are strong and mighty heroes." "Could you, perhaps, protect this city? A horrid dragon has enticed and destroyed many of our people: it is high time we had it killed." "What right have we to call ourselves strong and mighty heroes, if we cannot do its business for it?" At midnight they went under a bridge of brushwood to a fiery river. Then a six-headed dragon appeared on the bridge; a horse neighed; a falcon shrieked; and a dog howled. The dragon, facing the horse: "You, you rascal, don't neigh; and

you, falcon, don't shriek; and you, dog, don't howl! For lo! there is Pakatsegaroshak! Shall we fight or shall we arrange things peaceably?" Says Pakatsegaroshak: "Noble young fellows like us haven't come all the way to patch up a peace, but to have a jolly good fight. Come on!" And they began to whack all round. Pakatsegaroshak and his comrades cut off three of the dragon's heads. The dragon, perceiving that his days were numbered, observed: "Well! brothers, if only Pakatsegaroshak would leave me alone, I would soon settle your business for you." And so they continued to fight; struck off the last head, and put the horse in the stable, the falcon in its cage, and the hound in its kennel. But Pakatsegaroshak cut the tongues out of the six heads and put them in his wallet. They then rolled the trunk into the fiery river. And so they went to the king; and Pakatsegaroshak presented the six tongues as proof positive. The king thanked them: "I see that you are all you professed to be, and you have preserved our whole state. Therefore, that you may eat and drink to your heart's content, take all the best cock-tails and tit-bits without paying for 'em and scot free." And for sheer joy he had it proclaimed all through the town that all the bars, pot-houses and hotels were to keep open house for the strong and mighty heroes. And so they went everywhere; and didn't they just swill and guzzle, and play all sorts of high jinks!

Night came and off they went again under the brushwood bridge, to the fiery river; and all at once out hopped a seven-headed dragon. At the same time, the horse whinnied; the falcon screamed; and the dog howled. The dragon faced the horse and said: "Don't neigh, you nasty thing; and you, falcon, don't scream; and you, dog, don't howl! For lo! there is Pakatsegaroshak! Well," he adds, "out with you, Pakatsegaroshak; shall we fight or shall we make it up?" "Fine young fellows like us didn't come out to make peace, but to have a good fight. Come on!"

And they began to whack and spar, and the heroes soon had six of the dragon's heads off. The seventh was still left. The dragon says, "Just let me recover my breath." But Pakatsegaroshak exclaims, "I'll recover your breath for you, you just see!" So the fight began again; and he cut off the last head, cut out the seven tongues, and put them in his wallet; and they flung the trunk into the fiery river. And so they went back to the king and presented the tongues as proof positive.

The third time they went at midnight to the brushwood bridge and the fiery river. All at once a nine-headed dragon appeared. At the same instant the horse neighed; the falcon screamed; and the dog howled. The dragon faced the horse: "Don't neigh, you nasty thing; and you, falcon, don't scream; and you, dog, don't howl. For lo! here is Pakatsegaroshak! Well," he says, "come forth, Pakatsegaroshak, and say, shall we fight or shall we make it up?" Pakatsegaroshak replies, "As though fine fellows like us came to make peace! No; fight's the word." And so they set to, and the heroes cut off eight heads; the ninth remained. Pakatsegaroshak says, "Let me take breath, impure power!" She replies: "Take breath or not take breath, you won't come over me! My brothers you vanquished not by force, but by craft." Pakatsegaroshak was not much alarmed, but it set him wondering how the dragon meant to gammon him this time. All at once an idea struck him, and he exclaimed, "Yes, there are your two precious brothers, come to back you up; but I'll polish 'em off yet!" The dragon hastily turned round to look, and he cut off the ninth head, cut out the tongues, put them in his wallet, while the others flung the trunk into the fiery river. And so they went back to the king. The king said, "I thank you, strong and mighty heroes: live happy and fearless under the divine protection, and take as much money in gold, silver and bank-notes as you require."

After this all the three dragons' wives met in a certain place and took counsel together. "Whence came they who slew our husbands? Nay, we are no women if we do not clear them out of the world." The youngest says, "Look here, sisters mine; we will go out on the high-road, where they are sure to pass. I will take the form of a charming resting-place; and when the three, wearied out, sit down upon me all three will be as dead as door-nails." And the second said, "If you fail, I will take the form of an apple-tree by the high-road; and as they pass by under the branches let them gather a store of seductive fruit. But the moment they try a mouthful, they will be all dead men." And so the heroes rode, and reached a charming resting-place. Pakatsegaroshak made the sign of the cross on it with his sword, and lo, blood flowed forth! They rode under the apple-tree. "Brother Pakatsegaroshak, let us have a regular feast at the apple-tree!" say the heroes; but he replies: "If possible, let us eat, brothers; but if not, ride further." He brandished his sword in the form of a cross over the apple-

tree and blood flowed forth all at once. The third dragoness hurried after them, and gaped with her jaws from earth to heaven. Pakatsegaroshak saw that she would soon overtake them. How to save themselves? He looked round, saw that she was just making for him, and flung the three horses between her lips. The dragoness flew off to the blue sea to drink water, and they went further. She hurried after them; and, seeing that she was close upon him, he flung the three falcons into her mouth. Again the dragoness flew off to the blue sea to drink water, and while she was drinking they went yet further. Pakatsegaroshak looked round, the dragoness had again caught him up, and seeing there was no help for it, he flung the three dogs into her mouth. Again she flew off to the blue sea to drink water, and while she was sating her thirst, they journeyed further. He looked round and saw that she had again caught them up. Pakatsegaroshak took his two comrades and flung them into her mouth. The dragoness flew off to the blue sea to drink water, and he journeyed further. Again she caught him up; he looked round, saw that she was not far off, and exclaimed, "Lord, preserve me and save my soul!" And he saw before him a blacksmith's workshop, and slunk off into this stithy. The blacksmiths said to him: "What, stranger, are you faint-hearted?" "Most honoured Lord God, preserve me from the power of evil and save my soul." They, having entered the stithy, slammed the door close. "Open to me," says the dragoness. Then the blacksmiths said to her, "Approach the iron door, and we will put it on your tongue." She licked through the door, and the tongue stuck in the middle. The blacksmiths seized the tongue with three red-hot pincers and said, "Come, stranger, and do what you will with her!" He came out into the courtyard and began beating her, and beat through the skin to the bones, through the bones to the marrow, and took it and all the trunk and buried them seven fathoms deep. But he is still alive, and we eat bread, but he has none; and I was at his house and drank mead. It ran down my beard, but never got into my mouth.

[Leaving out of account the perfectly irrelevant beginning of this story, we have one of the innumerable miraculous birth legends, one of which, in the New Testament, incredible as it seems, is still believed by educated English Christians to be literally true, and nothing less than the revealed word of God. Leguminous plants are quick-growing, and thus peas and beans constantly typify the waxing moon (see *Lectures on*

the Vedas, Gubernatis) in folk-lore and ancient allegory. "Jack and the Beanstalk" is a case in point, and most likely "Jack" (in gipsy, a bean), is the equivalent of the Bohemian hrach, a pea. In other respects the form of the myth in this story resembles that in the fiftieth and last rune of the Kalevala, in which the guileless Virgin Mariatta gets into trouble from familiarities with a whortleberry, and afterwards undergoes experiences almost identical with those of the Virgin Mary, as recorded in the revealed word of God; although the best critics agree in considering the Finnish legend long prior to the Bethlehem yarn, which Anglo-Christian religious gabies still hold their breath over with a hush of religious awe. Speaking generally, this story may be said to be a perhaps unconscious burlesque of "The Sun-Horse." The lunar element pervading it, as just mentioned above, harmonizes altogether with the conclusions arrived at from an analysis of that story and "The Three Citrons," in *Segnius Irritant.*]

The Wonderful Boys.

THREE daughters lived with their father, and went to the stream to wash linen. The king's son rode by. One of the girls says, "Lor! if I were to marry the king's son, I should do the sewing for the whole court with one needle." The next says, "If I were to marry the king's son, I should feed all the court with one loaf." And the third says, "If I were to marry the king's son, I should bear two boys with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks." The prince married this girl, the one who said that she would bear him two boys; and so they live together for one year and for a second, and then she became with child.

The king rode off and said to his mother, "That which God gives my wife, let it be cherished and cared for." He rode away twenty miles, and then God gave his wife children. She bore two sons with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. His wife wrote a letter that God had given her two sons with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. The servant took her letter addressed to her husband, and turned aside to her sister's house to spend the night there, and did not know that she was the sister of his mistress. He lay down and went to sleep, and she took and opened the letter and read what was written about moons on the forehead and stars on the napes of the necks, and wrote instead: "Neither snake nor vermin—they don't know what she has given birth to." The man now caught up the king and gave him the letter. He read it through. "What God has given her, do not allow to be thrown away or destroyed without me." The servant now took leave of the king and went again to pass the night in the same place. She again took the letter, opened it, erased what was written, and wrote instead that before his arrival she was to bury those two sons. When the servant returned the queen read the letter through, and began to cry; it grieved her to have to bury those two beautiful little ones. However, she delved two small graves in the courtyard and buried them: two plane-trees grew out of them—one with golden, the other with silver branches. The king rode to her cottage and sent her away for having buried them without his consent.

He then rode off to the second girl, the sister of his first wife. They made merry together, and she said to him, "My most glorious husband, do please have those two plane-trees cut down and made into a bed for me. Oh! my most glorious husband, have the bed broken and burnt and the ashes scattered over the courtyard." A shepherd drove sheep: one of them ran aside, played in the ashes, and bore two lambs with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. And so she hated those two lambs and gave orders that they were to be killed, and their bowels flung into the street. The first wife came, gathered together the bowels, cooked and ate them, became with child and bore two sons with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. And so these sons grew and never took off their caps. And then the king wanted someone to come and tell him fairy stories; and they said to him that these two brothers were the fellows to tell fairy stories. And so they came to tell their fairy story. And this was the fairy story. There was once a king and queen: the queen bore two sons with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. After the king had ridden away on a hunting excursion, the queen wrote a letter and sent it. The man turned aside to sleep at her sister's: she took the letter, opened it, and wrote that neither snakes nor vermin, Heaven only knew what the queen had given birth to. The king read the letter through and wrote in reply, "Do not destroy them, whether vermin or snakes." The man trudged home, and again turned aside to the same place as before and passed the night there. She opened the letter and wrote that the queen was to bury what had been born before he came to visit her. And so she delved two small trenches, or, rather, small graves, and buried them. And two plane-trees grew out of them—one with golden, the other with silver branches. She ordered them to be cut down and a bed made of them, and slept on it and became gravid. She ordered this bed to be broken up and burnt, and the ashes strewn on the courtyard. A shepherd drove sheep: one sheep sported with the ashes, became gravid, and bore two lambs with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. The queen ordered these two lambs to be killed and their entrails to be flung out on to the street. The other queen came to the street, gathered up the entrails, took them to her cottage, boiled, ate them and became with child, and bore two sons with moons on their foreheads and stars on the napes of their necks. Then these two boys bowed, took off their caps, and the

whole room was full of light. The second wife was now torn to pieces on an iron rack, and the king rescued his first wife and lived happily with her.

[An incoherent version of "The Virgin Mary as Godmother" story. We meet with an improved version later on. As observed in the Preface, the story corresponds to the anti-climax of "The Three Citrons."]

God knows how to Chasten.

THERE was once a wealthy country gentleman—a very wealthy one; he had plenty of farm buildings: there was where and wherewithal to divert himself. Once he had guests at his house, and said to them, "If all my buildings were burnt down, I should know where and how to keep my head above water." For he, observe, trusted in money and, indeed, had plenty of it. So he spake, and it so fell out while he was discoursing with his guests someone came out into the courtyard, and then hastily rushed into the room and exclaimed, "Fire! fire!" And his master, "Let it burn, for I wish it so." And he neither extinguished it himself, nor ordered others to extinguish it; and so everything was burnt to ashes; only the bare ground remained. And he wasn't a bit angry about it, but waved his hand towards the water; for there he had his money stowed away in a willow-tree, as much as to say, "I'm as safe as a trivet." Not long after this a heavy flood came down, and before he could look round, the water had undermined the willows and washed them away; and so he came to complete poverty and had to serve who once bade. In fact, he turned letter-carrier. And once it so befell that he took a letter and was benighted on the road. He asked a man for a night's lodging, and he happened to be a man of means and good-natured withal, so he says, "All right, my good man, you won't squash my humble cot by lying in it." Meanwhile his wife had cooked the supper; and having supped, they said their prayers, went to bed, and began to converse of this and that. And the letter-carrier relates, among other things, how that he, too, had once been well off; how his house was burnt down and he lapsed into poverty. "I had still," he said, "a large quantity of money stowed away in a willow-tree; unfortunately a flood came, swept away the willow-tree, and all my money went with it. Thus I was left without a groat, and more than once have had to beg my bread." Scarcely had his host heard this than he stood dum-

founded, for this very willow-tree had floated down under his barn and, when he had cut it open, all the money teemed out of it. He walked up and down the room, reflecting how to return him his money without his knowing where he had found it. He reflected, and at last said to himself, "How are we to manage? I know; thus: I will cut open a loaf of bread, take out the crumb, put the money in its place, and cover it up again with the crust; and when he is about to depart, I will give him the loaf for his lunch by the way." And so he did. On the morrow, when the letter-carrier prepared to continue his journey, he gave him a loaf of bread, saying, "Here you are; it will serve you on your journey." He took it, made a low bow, and continued his journey. On the road the letter-carrier met some merchants—excuse me, drovers (who bought up pigs)—who had frequently been at his house; and so they asked him, "You know, of course, what we are after?" And he replied, "Why, time and again you have been at my house; but ill luck has fallen upon me. My house has been burnt down, and I am reduced to servitude." When he had said this, he winked all at once at the wallet, and remarked, "I say, do you want to buy some bread?" (He hadn't eaten it.) "I am not hungry, and it is heavy to carry. A few groats are far more serviceable for the road." Equal exchange is no robbery; they soon came to terms; they received the bread, he a groat or two, and so they took leave of one another. The pig-dealers turned aside to the same village and the same householder whence the bread had come, and stopped there to see if any business was to be done there. "It's all not mine," he says; "but the Lord's! But sit down and rest awhile." And he sent for refreshments. "Oh! don't trouble about refreshments," they said, "for on the road we bought a loaf of excellent bread of a man who was carrying a letter." He started with surprise, divining what had happened. And now they drew out and placed upon the table that very loaf of bread which he had given to the letter-carrier. The master of the house tips the wink to his wife, and then says to his guests, "After all, in the meantime let us go and have a look round, possibly you might buy something. Come along!" and they went out of the cottage; but he gave a glance at his wife, and she quite knew what he wanted. When they had gone out on their business, the good lady brought another loaf of bread, put it on the table, and hid the other one. They returned, breakfasted, whether they had made a bargain or not, and went their way.

Not long after this the letter-carrier again comes this way, and again turns in for the night with his friend the householder. The latter gladly welcomed him, for he thought that now, perhaps, in some way he might return him his money. They dined together and then went to bed; and, when he was leaving the cottage, he tied up the money in a cloth, placed it in his wallet, gave him his breakfast, and then let him go. On trudged the letter-carrier, but, seeing a path through an orchard, he thought to himself, "Oh! oh! what splendid apples! Hang me, if I don't pluck myself a good supply for the journey." He took off the wallet and hung it on the tree that it might not encumber him, and then reached out for the apples. Just at this moment up comes the owner of the orchard and clutches hold of him. He runs off as fast as his legs could carry him, and leaves the wallet hanging on the tree. The owner of the orchard clutches the wallet as it hangs on the branch, stands pensive awhile, and then says at last, "The poor wretch was in such a panic that he quite forgot his wallet." He took it down, and said to himself, "He has to pass over the plank bridge while I will run round by the bushes, so that he may not see me; I will lay the wallet on the plank and, once there, he is sure to find it." And so he did; he ran by side paths, laid the money on the plank, and seats himself behind a bush not very far off, and watched to see what would happen. In no long time the letter-carrier comes to the plank over the brook, looked down on the ground, musing, and then observed, "'Tis well that I can still see the light of heaven, and trudge the road and so gain a mouthful of bread somehow. What should I do if I were blind and had to pass over this plank? Well, I will see what it would be like." So saying, he closed his eyes, felt tap, tap, with his stick over the plank, walked straight along, stepped over the money, and then went on. And the owner of the orchard was amazed, and then exclaimed audibly, "Surely he has incurred the wrath of God!"

Good Children.

THE Lord was angry with his people, and, all over the world, there was a great famine for three years. Nowhere on the world did corn grow; and what the inhabitants sowed, owing to the extreme drought, failed to spring up, for during three years there had not been a drop of rain or dew. However, they managed to live through the first year by pounding up so much old corn as remained over from the year before; the wealthy raked in fortunes, for bread rose by leaps and bounds, so to say, mountains high; autumn had come again, and who had any seed in hand or could buy any sowed it—prayed the Lord, and trusted in the divine love. Perhaps God would bring forth a crop; perhaps he would forgive them their sins! Oh! no, no; they failed to cadge the love of God by praying to him; how the seed germinated in the divine earth was all he troubled his head about: for the rest the ears might ripen, its roots might strike, or it might dry up in the ground. Misery and to spare! God's blessed folk goes about blubbering and whining, for now death by famine is within measurable distance of it. They survived the misery of the winter somehow; spring came, and anyone who had a few grains of seed left sowed it then. And what was the good of it? No benediction fell upon it, for even the wind dried it up—the winter having been almost without snow. So everything shrank and withered, and only the blackened earth remained. Things had now, indeed, come to such a pass that even the whole community was beginning to die off. The people were perishing; trade was at a standstill: once trouble takes hold, it soon makes way among the people.

In those days, in a certain kingdom, ruled a powerful king—and a very youthful one to boot; and as it is customary for the young to cling together, so he would only associate with the young: whether in council or government or army, all were youths; no old person was admitted to any official position. And being youths, with but immature, ill-formed minds, when they consulted together, the conclusions they came to were also immature. One year passed, then another, and they reached the third year. Then misery was all around; then things had come to such a pass that the whole people was perishing. So the young king summoned his young council, and

they began to discuss matters: they discussed and discussed, and at last decided upon a measure—it is almost a sin to tell you what the measure was! In fact, after that council, and in accordance with the decisions thereof, the king ordered all the old people to be drowned, that, as he said, they should not waste bread to no purpose, but it should be left for the young; and no one, under pain of death, was to venture either to maintain or harbour any old person. And so messengers were despatched all over the kingdom; the king's orders were proclaimed everywhere: after which the heyduks took the old men, when they could find any, and drowned them without mercy. Now in a certain place there were three own brothers and they had an aged father. When they heard of this ukase they told their father, and their father said: "Carry out the will of God and the king's will; cut me adrift; as it is I am well-nigh worn out. Thus, at least, you, my children, may survive. Already I have one foot in the grave." "No; our own dear father! we will die, but will never give you up!" exclaimed the good sons unanimously, and bowed themselves before him; "we will hide you away, deny ourselves to sustain you, our own beloved father, grey-haired Nestor of our pigeon-cote."

The three sons took their aged father and led him away into a barn, removed the flooring, spread cloaks and sacking (for of straw mattresses they had but few), settled him comfortably there, brought him a hunch of bread, as black as the blessed earth itself, and hid him under the flooring. There the old man remained for two or three months, and his sons brought him all they had to eat. The summer passed without harvest and without mowing; joylessly autumn passed away; and lo! winter, too, was gone, and spring at hand once more. The sunshine beamed warm and bright; now was the season for sowing, but no corn to sow and produce bread: one thing was wanted. Other peoples sowed, hoping that something would come of it and quicken in the blessed land: here was only rottenness. It seemed as though the end of the world had come.

And the three sons went to their father and asked him: "Father! what are we to do? It is the sowing season. Now God has sent his rain, the whole land is steaming and scattering like barley grain, but there is not a blessed handful of corn-seed to sow it with." "Go, my sons, and tear down the old thatch from the cottage, beat the sheaves*

* Sort of topknots of straw: a distinguishing feature of the thatched houses in many Slav regions.

and sow the threshings." They stripped off the cottage thatch, and that of the barn (it was only an empty one), beat the sheaves till the sweat streamed off their bodies, and teazed out the gable-sheaves to dust with chains. As they sowed, God gave his blessing; in a week all was as green as a field of rue; in a month, in two months' time, it was more and more so; for all sorts of seeds were present in the threshings—corn, wheat, barley, aye, perhaps, in the straw was also buckwheat and millet. Go where you would through that wide world, not a field of growing corn was to be seen. Everywhere the fields were choked with grass, tussock grass and thistles; and with them, cornfields like woods! How the people gaped and wondered! It was the talk of the whole world; and reports at last reached even the king himself that in such and such a place were three own brothers, and with them corn enough for all the world and all of the finest. Corn! unheard-of miracle! The king ordered the three sons to be brought into his royal presence.

The brothers heard of this, and beating their hands together in despair, exclaimed, "Now it is all up with us!" Again they went to their father. "Father! we are summoned before the king. Advise us, father, what to do." "Go, my sons; what will be, will be. And do you tell the king only the simple truth." The brothers went, and were presented to the king. The king enquired sternly: "How, you rascals, have you husbanded such store of corn, when famine has half decimated the people? Speak the truth: if you don't, I'll have you racked and flogged to death." The brothers explained how it was, in full detail, from beginning to end. "Now, most gracious king, subject us to any chastisement you think fit, or show us mercy in your great loving-kindness." The brows of the king relaxed, and his eyes sparkled. He ordered the aged father to be at once brought before him, seated him beside himself near the throne, and listened to his advice till death; and as for his sons, he translated 'em—my wig! if he didn't. Then he ordered the corn to be gathered in the ear and the grain to be pressed out by hand; it was then distributed for sowing all over the kingdom, and from it was produced bread enough for the whole world.

The Devil and the Gipsy.

An old gipsy went to serve the devil; and the devil says, "I will give you what you wish, provided you always bring me fuel and water, and make up the fire under the kettle." "Agreed!" The devil gave him a vessel and said, "Go to the spring and fetch water."

Off went our gipsy to fetch water in the vessel, and drew up the bucket; but being old and not strong enough to draw it out, he was obliged to pour out some of the water, so that he might not drop the bucket into the well. How could he return home now? Just see! Our gipsy took a pole from a ferry-boat, and poked about all round the well with it, as though he was digging. The devil waited and waited, but no water and no gipsy came home; at last he goes himself, finds the gipsy, and enquires casually, "What has amused you so vastly that you haven't yet brought the water home?" "What do you mean? I wanted to dig up the whole spring and bring it home to you." "And you took all that trouble to carry out such an idea? Why, with that pole of yours, you would never have brought it before all the firewood had burnt itself out." So saying, he drew the water himself, and took it home. "Oh! if only I had known, I could have brought it for you long ago."

The devil sent him once to the wood for fuel. Away went our gipsy; but in the wood rain fell and soaked him through and through. The old fellow shivered, and could not now stoop for the fuel. What was to be done? He goes and tears off strips of bast, makes a bundle of them, and goes round the wood tying one tree to another with them. The devil waits and waits: but of the gipsy not a sign. At last, he goes himself and exclaims in astonishment, "What on earth are you about, you unaccountable creature?" "What am I about? Why, I want to bring you home the wood, and have tied all the trees up in a bundle that my labour may not be all in vain." The devil perceived that he could do nothing with the gipsy, collected the wood himself, and went home.

Having put his house in order, he went for advice to an older devil. "I have hired a gipsy, but he is a miserable fellow. I am pretty shrewd, but he is shrewder and abler than we are: it were

best to put him out of the way." "Good; when he sleeps, kill him: then he won't be robbing our stables, either." Home went the devil; all were asleep; but the gipsy had, perhaps, seen something to arouse his suspicions, for his greatcoat lay on the bench he always slept on, and he himself had crept into the corner underneath it. When he entered, the devil imagined that the gipsy was fast asleep, took his iron club, and whacked the greatcoat, so that you could hear him all over the place. Then he lay down to sleep himself, thinking, "I've pretty well done for the gipsy, this time." But the gipsy moans, "Oh!" and scratches himself in the corner. "What the deuce is up with you now?" "Oh! a nasty little flea has bitten me."

The young devil again goes to the old devil for advice. "How the mischief is one to kill the wretch? I whacked him with my club and he merely scratched himself, and exclaimed, 'A little flea has bitten me.'" "Pay him his wages," says the old devil, "whatever it may amount to, and let him go and seek his luck among other people."

The gipsy took a wallet full of money, and went his way. The devil now regretted the money he had given him, and again goes for advice to the old devil, who says, "Catch up the gipsy, and say that the one of you who thumps so loud upon a stone as to be heard three miles off shall have the money." The devil overtakes him. "Stop, gipsy! I have something to say to you." "What do you want, son of perdition?" "Oh! stop; we will stamp, and who makes the greatest noise in stamping on a stone shall have the money." "Well, then, stamp," says the gipsy. The devil stamps once—twice—the noise was quite deafening; but the gipsy, meantime, had poured water into his high boots. "Oh! that's nothing, you rascal! When I stamp on a dry stone, water spurts out." So saying, he stamps about, and the water splashed from the stone all over the place.

Again the young devil goes to the old devil for advice; and the old devil says, "Overtake him and propose the test of who can throw a cudgel the highest." The gipsy had now travelled several miles, when he looked round and saw the devil behind him. "Stop, stop, gipsy!" "What now, son of perdition?" "Who throws his cudgel highest shall have the money." "Well, we'll have a fling; for I have two brothers in heaven, both blacksmiths, and it will come in handy for them as a hammer or tongs." The devil flung

his cudgel. It whizzed through the air and flew almost out of sight. But the gipsy took the cudgel by one end, scarcely raised it, and exclaimed, "Hold out your hands, brothers mine up aloft!" And the devil seized him by the hand. "Oh, stop! don't throw. 'Twere a pity to lose it."

The elder devil again advised him, saying, "Catch up the gipsy, and say the test shall be who can run about, here and there, the fastest. The devil overtook him, and the gipsy said, "I tell you flatly that I won't run races with you, for you are quite unworthy of my prowess. But I have a dear little son, Hare by name, only three days old: if you can beat him, you shall measure yourself against me." The gipsy espied a hare in the bushes. "Look there! It is Hare, my little son! Hi, away! Scamper, Hare!" Out popped the hare, ran hither and thither over the hillside, and he passed like a shadow over the fields. "Bah!" says the devil, "but he doesn't run straight." "Oh! in our family, none of us run straight. We run where anything strikes our fancy."

The elder devil advised a wrestling test to see who was the strongest. "What!" says the gipsy, "you expect me to wrestle with you? No, no; but I have a father to do that; for the last seven years he has had one foot in the pit: if you can beat him in wrestling, you shall try your strength with me." But the gipsy knew of a bear, and led the devil to its pit. "This is where he lodges," says the gipsy; "so come and have a fling." The devil entered and said: "Up with you! old greybeard, and have a bout with me." Oh! how the bear grappled him, towzled him, whacked him, scratched him, and finally flung him out of the pit!

The elder devil advised whistling to see who could be heard three miles off. The devil whistled till the whole air rang and buzzed again. But the gipsy said: "I tell you, if I whistle, I shall blind and deafen you; so bandage your eyes and ears." He bandaged them. Then the gipsy took a mallet, such as is used for splitting wood, and battered him about the ears. "Oh! ee, oh! ee, stop! don't whistle! You are battering me to death with it! Go! and a murrain take you, you and the money-bags! Off to perdition with you!" And that is all.

God and the Devil.

ONCE upon a time there was nothing at all, but only sky above and water below. Then God sailed over the water and met an immense clod of hard foam, on which sat the Devil. "Who are you?" enquired God of him. "I will not converse with you," replied the Evil One, "unless you take me into your boat." God consented, and heard in answer, "I am the Devil!" Both rode on and on without saying a word to one another, until the wicked one began with: "How charming and delightful it would be in the world, if only there was firm ground." "There shall be," God replied. "Let yourself down into the depths of the sea, and bring up a handful of sand: of it I will form the land. When you let yourself down and take the sand, pronounce these words: 'I take thee in God's name.'" The Devil did not tarry longer, but was under the water in a twinkling. At the bottom he took up some sand in both hands, with the words: "I take thee in my name." He rose to the surface, looked with curiosity at his clenched fists, and was astonished to observe that they were both empty. But God, perceiving what had happened with him, consoled him and bade him plunge yet again to the bottom. He did so, and, as soon as he had taken the sand, he said over it the words: "I take thee in His name." He only brought up, however, to the surface as much sand as was left under his nails. God took a little of the sand, scattered it over the surface of the waters, and formed solid earth, at first not more than supplied a place for a bed. When night came, God and the Devil lay together on the hard earth to rest. As soon as our Lord God snoozed off, the Devil pushed him to the east, that he might fall into the sea and be drowned. Whithersoever the Devil pushed him, there solid earth sprang up. The Devil tried pushing him to the west, and in that direction, too, more solid earth spread far and wide. Such was the accident that resulted in the formation of land, even in other directions upon our globe.

As soon as God had formed the land, he ascended into heaven. The Devil did not wish to stay without him, and so followed in his train. But when he heard how the angels glorified God in psalms

and hymns, he stood abashed to think that he had no one to glorify his coming. He stepped up to God and whispered in his ear, "What must I do, in order to have such a fine troop of 'em?" God replied, "Wash your hands and face, and splutter the water behind you." He did so; and such an enormous quantity of devils was the result that there was no longer room for the angels and holy ones in heaven. God saw clearly how inconvenient this must be to his holy ones, summoned Elijah, and bade him let loose his thunder and lightning. Elijah was agreeable, roared, thundered, lightened, and poured rain for forty days and nights; and with the heavy rain the devils fell to the ground. At last there were no more devils left, and the angels began to fall down, too. Then God bade Elijah stop; and wherever the devils happened to be flying, there they stayed. From this time forth to our days fiery lights flash through the sky, but only now and then strike the ground.

FROM THE KERNIGOVSKY GOVERNMENT IN UKRAINE.

Norka, the Beast.

A PRINCE and princess once lived together. They had three sons: two sensible and one a blockhead. The prince had a park full of animals of all descriptions. Into this park penetrated a big beast—Norka by name, and did much damage: every night it ate up some of the animals. The prince, do what he would, could not destroy it: so at last he called his three sons and said: "The one of you who succeeds in killing Norka, the beast, shall have half of my kingdom." So the eldest made an attempt; as soon as night came, he took his arms and went; but instead of going to the pack of animals, he turned aside into a tavern, and tippled and boozed all night long. Only at sunrise did he realize that he was too late. Abashed, he stood before his father and confessed that he had done nothing. The next day the second son did the same: the father scolded and scolded and at last ceased.

And now, on the third day, it was the turn of the youngest son. All laughed at him, for he was a blockhead, and they thought that he would do nothing. But he took his armour and went straight to the pack of wild beasts, and sat upon a thorn-bush, that, as soon as he began to doze off, the thorns might wake him, and so he might awake. And now midnight returned; and lo! the ground collapsed, and Norka, the beast, ran right through the fence into the park—and a huge beast it was. The prince, perceiving this, rose, crossed himself and went straight for the beast. It turned back; the prince followed; but perceiving that he could not catch it upon foot, he ran off to the stable, took his best three-year-old, and gave chase: and so he caught up the beast, and began to fight it. They fought and fought. The prince gave the beast three cuts. But now both of them were exhausted, and lay down to rest. As soon as the prince dozed off, the beast got up and fled. The horse woke the prince, and he perceived that the beast had fled. Having caught it up, they again began to fight. This time, too, the prince wounded the beast

three times; and again they lay down to rest. The beast fled; the prince caught it up, and again inflicted three wounds: but the fourth time, when he had almost caught it up, the beast ran to a big white stone, raised it, and hie away! into the underworld, saying to the prince, "If you mean to destroy me, you will have to come here to do it."

The prince rode home and related to his father what had happened, and bade him to order a rope of raw hide to be plaited long enough to reach into that underworld. The father did so. When the rope was ready, the prince summoned his brothers, collected some servants and all that was necessary for a whole year, and rode off to the spot where the beast had disappeared under the stone. Arrived there, they set up their court and made merry. Meantime, they made their preparations, and the younger brother said to the elders: "Come, my brothers! who will raise the stone?" Neither of them could move it; but when he took hold of it, it flew away, away, and grew bigger and bigger, till it was a mountain. Having raised the stone, he said again to his brothers: "And now, who will descend into the underworld to fight with Norka, the beast?" But neither had pluck enough. He, laughing at their chicken-heartedness, said: "Well! brothers, take care of yourselves up aloft, and let me down into the underworld; only do not leave this spot, and when I tug the rope, haul me up again." His brothers let him down, and waited. Having reached the underworld, the prince set off. He trudged on and on, and perceived a richly caparisoned horse approach. It said to him: "Welcome, Prince Ivan! I have long been waiting for you." He mounted, and they rode away; on and on he went, looking about him, until, behold! a court all of copper. He rode into the courtyard, tied up his steed, and entered the apartments. There a dinner was prepared; he sat down, dined, and then went into a bedroom: there was a bed in it, and he lay down to rest. And lo! a girl came, more lovely than ever was even thought or spoken of, such as exists only in fairy stories, and she said: "Whoever announces himself at my home, if he is old, will be my father; if middle-aged, my brother; and if young, my beloved husband. And, if it be a lady who comes, if she is old, she will be my grandmother; if middle-aged, my mother; and if young, my sister." He came out, and she, when she saw him, was delighted and said: "What! Prince Ivan, my future beloved husband! What has brought you hither?" He explained the why and the wherefore. She said: "The beast

you wanted to kill is my brother. He is now staying with my second sister, who lives not far from here, in her court of silver. I tended the three wounds you inflicted on him."

And so, after this, they drank, guzzled, and had a good time of it. Then the prince said good-bye, and rode on to the second sister's, who lived in a court of silver, and she also received him hospitably. She then informed him that her brother was at her youngest sister's. He hied off to the youngest sister, who lived in a court of gold. She said that her brother was just then sleeping by the blue sea; and besides this gave him strong water to drink and a two-handed (*lit.* a falling) sword, and said that it would cut off her brother's head at a blow. On hearing that, the prince rode off and reached the blue sea. Lo and behold! there was Norka asleep on a stone, in the middle of the sea, and when he snored you could hear it seven miles off, as the wave beats. Ivan crossed himself, rode up to him, and smote his head with the sword. The head flew off with a bound, exclaiming, "That is the end of me!" and then rolled into the sea.

Having killed the beast, the prince returned and took all three sisters with him, to carry them to the upper world; for they all loved him and did not wish to be left behind. Each transformed her court into an egg (for they were enchantresses). They instructed him how to transform these eggs into courts and *vice versâ*, gave him the eggs, and went to the place where they were to be hauled up to our world. When they came to the cable, the prince arranged the young ladies, and then pulled it. Then he swung it to and fro, and his brothers drew it up. When they had half drawn it up and saw such astonishingly beautiful young ladies, they went apart and said, "Let us lower the cable, draw up our brother, and then cut the rope. He will be killed and leave us these beauties to marry." And so, having thus agreed to do, they let down the cable. But their blockhead brother was up to snuff, and guessed what his brothers had in mind to do; so he took a stone, placed it in position, and then tugged the string. His brothers hauled the rope up and then cut the rope. The stone fell and was broken to pieces. He burst out crying and went his way.

On and on went our prince. And lo! a tempest arose, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and rain fell in torrents. He went to a tree to take shelter under it, and observed that in the tree were some small birds, all dripping wet; he took off his cloak to

cover them with it; and himself sat under the tree. Now a bird flew to the tree, and such a large one that the world around grew pitch black. It had been dark to begin with, now it grew darker and darker. It was the mother of the birdies whom the prince had covered with his mantle. Having flown to the nestlings and observed that her little ones were muffled up, she said, "Who has thus covered my birdies?" And then observing the prince, she said, "It is you that have done it. My blessings upon you! Whatever you desire, ask it of me and I will do it for you." He said, "Take me away to the upper world." She said, "Make a large ark, drive all sorts of animals into it, and toss it hither; and pour water into the other half of it that I may have wherewithal to nourish myself." The prince did everything. That bird then took the ark on her shoulders—the prince being seated astride of it—and flew away with it. Having flown, now much, now little, she brought him to our world again, took leave of him, and flew away; and he went and settled with a boy's tailor. He was so tattered and torn, and so changed, that no one would have recognized in him the lost prince. He stopped at the tailor's as the tailor's apprentice; and one day the prince began to enquire of this and that, and how things were going on in the principality. "Oh!" said the tailor, "our two princes (for the third perished) have brought from the other world three marriageable young ladies, and want to marry them. They demand, as their dowry, that all sorts of stuffs be sewn on to them, such as they had in their netherworld, and without a yard measure. The father of the princes has called all the master tailors, but no one can do anything." Having heard everything, the prince said, "Go, worthy fellow, to the father of the princes and say that you can provide everything from your business." The goodman said, "How can I provide such stuffs, when I am only an ordinary tailor of the common people?" The prince said, "Go, worthy friend; I will be responsible for everything." So the good fellow went. The princes' father was glad to have found at least one master tailor, and gave him as much money as he required. The tailor took his leave and returned home. And the prince said to him, "Well, say your prayers and go to bed; to-morrow everything shall be in readiness." He did as his apprentice told him, and went to sleep.

Midnight had come again. The prince rose, went outside the town into the fields, took out of his wallet those eggs which the

young ladies had given him, and according to their instructions transformed them into courts. He entered; chose from each various stuffs, came out, transformed the courts into eggs again, and went home. Arrived there, he hung the various cloths on the loom and went to sleep. The goodman woke early, and saw all those wonderful woven goods hanging there, such as he had never seen before, all sparkling with gold and silver and brilliants. He was delighted; took the goods and brought them to the princes' father. The two princesses, when they recognized them as the draperies of that other world, looked at one another aud held their tongues, perceiving that Prince Ivan was on the upper world again. The goodman sold them these draperies and went home; but did not find his beloved apprentice; he had gone and settled with the shoemaker, and despatched him, too, to the prince and did as follows. He went round to all the master tailors, and they all blessed him, for through his means they made their fortunes with the prince.

After the prince-apprentice had gone the round of all the master tailors, the princesses attained the goal of their desires: all their draperies were just as in the other world; only they bitterly lamented that their dear young prince came not. However, they could no longer hang back; they must marry, willy-nilly. When all were gathered together for the wedding, the youngest daughter said, "Allow me, father, to go in person and give alms to the beggars." She went and began to distribute alms, scrutinizing them closely. She went up to one, and, as she was about to give him his trifle, observed the ring that she had given the prince in the other world, as well as the rings of her sisters (for it was he). She seized him by the hand, drew him into the hall, and said to the monarch, "Lo! here is he who brought us out of the netherworld. His brothers," said she, "forbade us to mention that he was alive, and threatened to kill us if we said a word." The monarch was very angry with his two elder sons, and chastened them as he best knew how; and after that they festively celebrated three weddings. I was there, too, and tippled mead, but none passed my lips; it only trickled down my beard.

[Compare the tailor in this story with the one in "Reason and Fortune," and also with the butcher in "Four Brothers." As to the story itself, the allegory is self-evident. It is the "Three Citrons" with the anti-climax omitted.]

FROM SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

The Beautiful Girl and the Wicked Old Woman.

By a coppice stood a cottage. There lived a man and woman, but they had no children. And so they went and prayed God in his mercy to give them one, and he gave them a daughter. And she grew and grew. And at that time a prince went out hunting, and sent his servant, saying: "Go, if you please, to the cottage, and ask for water." The servant went to ask for water, and there was the little girl in tears, silent and sobbing. Her mother coaxed her and smiled at her: "So, all flowers blossom." The servant went out of the cottage and said: "Yonder, my prince, I saw a little girl; she was in tears and silent, the tears streaming down her cheeks and they chaffed her: 'So, all kinds of flowers blossom!'" The prince goes to the cottage and pets and teases this little girl for crying so. She wept in silence, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. He begged her mother to amuse her; and, when she laughed, the prince also perceived how all flowers blossom.

And so the girl grew, and the prince always went his ride thither, as though to the chase. And so she grew up. And the prince says: "Daddy, give me your daughter." And she was always embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs with eagles. And the prince's father says: "If it be so with you, my son, go and marry." Then the prince took the handkerchief that she had embroidered, and brought it to his father. And his father clapped his hands with delight. How else could he do? And so he brought her home, and with her an old woman and the old woman's daughter. And lo! when the prince, on this journey, stopped to shoot at something, that old woman stripped her of everything, put out her eyes, and pushed her into the ditch. She then dressed her own daughter in the other one's clothes.

Now, along the ditch the weeds grew luxuriantly; and an old man came to root them up. A girl-child sat by the ditch, and lo and behold! in front of her, a heap of pearls—her tears—that, seated there, she had shed. And she had no eyes. "Take me home with you, grandfather," she says, "and take care to collect these precious ornaments." The old man took her home, collected the pearls, and carried them home as well. The old man had no child, but there was an old woman. She, that girlie, says: "Put the precious things in a wallet and take them to the town to sell. And when a certain old woman meets you, do not sell them to her, but say: 'Give me, in exchange for them, what is in you.'" And so he went and met the old woman. The old woman said: "Sell me those nick-nacks." "Buy!" "And what do you want for them?" "Give that which is in you." And she gave him an eye. And so the girl, now having one eye, began to embroider a handkerchief. Again the old man went to the town. Again the old woman said: "Sell me those nick-nacks, old man." "Buy." "What for them?" "Give me what is in you." She gave the other eye. Now the girl began to embroider still more beautifully. The old man said: "I tell you what. There is a dinner at the palace." And the girl said: "Go, grandfather, to the dinner, take a pot with you, and beg some soup for me." And she tied the handkerchief she had embroidered round the old man's neck (*lit.* nape). When the prince perceived the handkerchief round the old man's neck: "Whoever art thou?" he enquires. "I am from the court yonder, oh! prince," he says, "and a girl lives with me there, so please put a little soup in the pannikin." "And the handkerchief, old fellow—where did you get it?" "When I found the girl in the ditch, look you, she was embroidering it." And so the prince recognized her by the embroidery. Then he at once ordered the horses to be attached to the coach, drove out and recognized the girl. "Thank God! thank God!" he exclaimed. But the wicked old woman's daughter was driven out and made to tend swine. And that is all. They lived happy, munched their bread in peace, and drove out in a fine carriage.

[This embroidering young lady is a silent comment on the tailors of the previous and other stories. For the one-eye period see the note to the great Russian story of "One-Eyed Misery." The story, as a whole, is evidently the equivalent of the anti-climax in the "Three Citrons."]

Johnny and the Witch.

THERE was once a man and wife, and they had a son—Johnny. Once Johnny said: "Oh! papa, make me a boat! I will go out fishing and supply your table for you." And so they got him a boat. Off went Johnny, caught fish, and supplied both papa and mamma with them. And when dinner-time came his mother took his dinner, went to the shore and called out:

"Johnny, my son!
My golden boatman!
My silver darling!
Sail unto me,
My heart's delight!"

Johnny (Ivan) hears her. "Boatman! boatman! shoreward drive the shallop! It is my mother." So they sailed to the shore, handed over the fish, and as soon as he had finished his meal, they sailed off again.

But there was a witch who was jealous of this man and wife for having a boy like that. And she set herself to work them all kinds of mischief. She it was who cast evil spells over their field, who strung magic threads across their courtyard, placed skeleton horses' heads on their threshold, scattered their meal about, and even smeared with blood the cottage rose-tree. And they prayed God and revered the dead, and so all this passed away. And then the witch exclaimed: "Now for it!" went to the shore and called Johnny:

"Johnny, my son!
My golden boatman!
My silver darling!
Sail unto me,
My heart's delight!"

Johnny listens. What a gruff voice it was! "Boatman! hie away! hie away from the shore; that is not my mother!" Then the witch went to the blacksmith: "Blacksmith! blacksmith! forge me a soft, tiny little voice, like Johnny's mother's." And he forged it. Then she went to the shore:

"Johnny, my son!
My golden boatman!
My silver darling!
Sail unto me,
My heart's delight!"

Then Johnny came, and she seized him and carried him in an iron bag to her house. She stood under the doorway and exclaimed: "Tchutchu-Olenka! open." Tchutchu-Olenka opened the door. She took white linen shirts, made Johnny a pair of trousers, gave him a fine stick and hazel nuts. He thumped with the stick and ate the hazel nuts. At last she spoke, smiling maliciously, with Tchutchu-Olenka. "Heat up the oven," she said, "put him into it, stew him well, lay the table nicely, and I will go for the guests." Off she went. Tchutchu-Olenka heated up the oven, and got a shovel ready. "Seat yourself," she said, "my little Johnny, upon the shovel." He put his small feet upon it. She said: "Not so." Then he put his small hands on it. "Not so," she said. "Sit upon it yourself," said Johnny, "and show me how I have to sit." Scarcely had she seated herself, when Johnny thrust the shovel into the oven, and so she was burnt to cinders there. Then he took the basting-spoon and basted her in the oven, and corked her up in it. Having laid the table in the cottage, he himself went out, closed the cottage door, and climbed into a very high maple. And now the witch came, and her guests with her. "Tchutchu-Olenka, open!" No answer. "Tchutchu-Olenka, open the door! Goodness me! where is Tchutchu-Olenka? perhaps, though, she has gone out walking." And she went and opened the door herself. The guests seated themselves at table. She drew out the roast from the oven, and they set to. Having made a right good feast, they went out into the farmyard and rolled about in it. "Rumble-tumble, rumble-tumble, we have eaten the flesh of Johnny boy." And Johnny from the maple-tree: "Rumble-tumble, rumble-tumble, you've gobbled the flesh of poor Olenka." And the witch: "What's that? Whatever's that?" They looked and looked and at last they espied him; off they rushed to the maple-tree, and began to gnaw at it. All in vain: they only broke their teeth on it. And so off went the witch to the blacksmith. "Blacksmith! blacksmith! forge us teeth to gnaw down the maple." He hammered them a set. And off they went to the tree and gnawed and gnawed. Now geese flew past. Johnny begged and implored them:

"Geese, my geese, ye fair young cygnets,
Take me, take me, on your pinions,
Take me to my dad's dominions.
There you'll tipple, there you'll guzzle,
Till you're full up to the muzzle."

And the geese made answer, "Wait for the middle ones to take you." The middle ones flew past. He implored the middle ones :—

"Geese, my geese, ye fair young cygnets,
Take me, take me, on your pinions,
Take me to my dad's dominions.
There you'll tipple, there you'll guzzle,
Till you're full up to the muzzle."

And the middle ones said, "Wait till the last of the rearguard comes up and takes you." Away they flew and poor little Johnny was left behind. And all the witches gnawed and gnawed. But now at last the rearguard is seen in flight. Johnny implores :—

"Geese, my geese, my fair young cygnets,
Take me, take me, on your pinions,
Take me to my dad's dominions.
There you'll tipple, there you'll guzzle,
Till you're primed up to the muzzle."

And they carried him off on their wings. And pitying the poor little fellow, they flew along quite near the ground. And the witches hie away after them to see whether they couldn't catch him yet. They pursue and pursue, but cannot catch him up. And so the goose carried Johnny home and seated him on the chimney-top, and itself went about the farmyard to feed. And the mother had just taken cakes out of the oven and said, "There is a cake for you, husband, and one for me." And Johnny from the chimney-top, "And for me, mammy?" His mother says, "Who's there?" Again she says, "Here's for you, my goodman, and for me." And he again, "And for me, mammy?" The man and wife ran out, looked up, and at last espied Johnny on the chimney-top. They took him down and brought him into the cottage. The little goose was waddling about the back yard, and the mother said, "Look at that little goose waddling about. I will go and cut its head off." But Johnny said, "No, mammy, don't do that; but give it a good blow out. If it had not been for that goosey, I shouldn't be here myself." So she gave it a good blow out, as much as it could eat,

and a nice packet of peasemeal under its wing. And so it flew away.

And so you've this story to add to your store,
And Johnny has ribbands and glory galore!

[This variant of Hans and Gretel, with the coming of the geese (in Polar regions) in the Spring—so that the story has drifted south—clearly bears the marks of its origin. Moreover, the cannibalism is more marked in it than in the German version; for we shall find in another (Great Russian) fairy story that the witch not merely "rumble-tumbles," but does so among the bones of the victim. So that it is a more primitive form.]

The Snake and the Princess.

A MONARCH and his consort lived together and had three daughters. This monarch fell sick, and sent his eldest daughter for water. She went to fetch it and lo! a snake. "Chi kookoo! (oh! ho!) pretty girl," he says. "Will you come and be my bride?" And the princess, "No; that I won't." "Oh! very well; then I give you no water," says he. And so the second daughter says, "I will go; he will give it to me." She went. The snake to her, "Chi kookoo! pretty girl. Will you come and be my bride?" "No," says she; "that I won't." "Then you get no water from me." She returned home and said, "He gave no water; he said if I would go and be his bride that he would give it me." And the third says, "I will go; he will give it to me." She went, and the snake said to her, "Chi kookoo! pretty girl. Will you come and be my bride?" "I will come," she said. Then the snake fetched her water from the very bottom of the well—fresh and cool. She took it home, gave it her father to drink, and he recovered.

One day a coachman passes and says:—

"Open! oh, open the small wicket-gate,
Catzarivna!
By the love that you loved,
And the water I poured from the well, my adored,
My sweet Catzarivna!"

She started, wept, came and opened the gate, and then he repeats anew:—

"Open! oh, open the small wicket-gate,
Catzarivna!
By the love that you loved,
And the water I poured from the well, my adored,
My sweet Catzarivna!"

And now they reached a cottage, and there was a snake on the table on a plate. He lay there like gold. They went out of the cottage, and he said:—

"Open! oh, open the small wicket-gate,
Catzarivna!

By the love that you loved,
And the water I poured from the well, my adored,
My sweet Catzarivna!"

And so she drove out with him until they reached the snake's abode. There they lived together, and she had a child. And they chose a grandmother, but she was, oh! such a bad one. The child soon died; the mother also died soon afterwards. And the godmother came by night and dug her up and cut off her hands, and, having come home, she made the water boiling hot, steamed the hands, and drew off the gold wedding-ring. Then this princess, poor thing! came to her for her hands, and said:—

"Sleep the chickens, sleep the geese;
Only my godmother does not sleep;
Milk-white hands she steeped in water,
So drew off my golden signet."

And the godmother hid under the oven. And she again repeated:—

"Sleep the chickens, sleep the geese;
Only my godmother does not sleep;
Milk-white hands she steeped in water,
So drew off my golden signet."

Next day they came and found the godmother also dead under the stove. And they did not seal her up in a coffin, but just flung her into the ditch.

[A very sketchy reminiscence of the complete myth.]

Transformation into a Nightingale and Cuckoo.

A GIRL once fell in love with a snake, and loved him alone. And he carried her off to his estate, and in his dwelling house were beautiful drinking cups all of crystal. For his dwelling place was underground in a sort of grave. Well, you must know, his old mother at first lived with them. How could she do otherwise? Well, the girl, whether she lay with the snake or not I cannot say, became enceinte, and in due course of time bore twins—one a boy and one a girl—and like their mother as wax is to wax. And she, too, was as beautiful as a floweret. Well, God having given her these children, she said, "Look, you! as they have been born in human guise, let them also be christened in human wise." She seated herself in a golden carriage, took the children on her knee, and drove home to her native village to the priest. The carriage did not drive through the field, and yet the mother knew what was happening. The old woman raised a hue and cry in the whole village, seized a sickle, and hie! away into the field. The daughter, seeing their fate sealed, called to the children and said, "Fly away, my children, into the world as birds; you, my little son, as a nightingale; you, my little daughter, as a cuckoo." The little nightingale flew out of the right, the cuckoo out of the left, window of the carriage; and the carriage horses and all the rest—nobody knows what became of them. The mother had disappeared, too; only by the roadside grew a dense thicket.

[Evidently an allegory of the return of Spring.]

Migration of Souls.

HERE is a strange occurrence that happened to a certain goodwife. She went into the field to reap, or rather to get hemp, and then put the dinner on the cooking-stove, when something or somebody emerged from the fiery stove and eats up everything. She thought and thought, what could it all mean? but could make nothing of it. She draws nearer—the doors being closed—and finds in the cottage nothing but a little child, perhaps about six months old, in a cradle. So she hurried off to an enchantress, and begged and coaxed her to the best of her powers; and so she went. Much surprised, it is said, the enchantress snuffled about. All at once she listened somewhat uncertain. "Go," she says, "into the field, and I will hide myself in the cottage and observe what it is all about." The woman went into the field, and the enchantress hid herself by the cradle and watched it; when, all at once, the child jumped out of the cradle, and lo and behold! it was no longer a child, but an old man! a short, stumpy old man, with a long, long beard. And, in a jiffy, hie! away to the victuals, pulls them off the fire, gives a shrill cry, and begins to gulp them down. When he had swallowed everything, he was again a child, but he did not creep into his cradle, but only lay down and made a hue and cry in the whole cottage. Then the enchantress went to him, took hold of the child, and began to cut all round the soles of its feet. It squealed, she cut; it squealed, she cut. At last, perceiving that it was in good hands, it turned into an old man again, and said, "This is not the first nor the second time that I have transformed myself, my good woman. First I was a fish, then a bird, then an ant, and finally a quadruped. And oh! dear me, now I'm to try what it's like being a human being. There is nothing jollier than life among the ants; and, among human beings—nothing sorrier."

[This is a reminiscence of the sun in "The Three Hairs of Grandfather Know All": that is, a child at dawn, a youth at mid-day, and an old man at night.]

The Magician.

THERE was once in our village a man named Avstriyat (? corruption of Austrian), and he was such a magician that he could contrive at will to divert the rain and hail. For instance, we were once reaping in a field of corn; and lo! a dark thunder-cloud rolled up. We began to carry away the sheaves in all speed, but he took no heed of it, reaped and reaped his portion, took out his pipe, and said: "Never fear; there will be no rain." And, look you, there was none. Once—and this I saw with my very own eyes—we were reaping corn, when, lo! the sky became as black as ink; the wind rose: first it howled far away, and, after that, above our very heads. Thunder, lightning, whirlwind, such a tempest arose—the Lord have mercy on us! We rush to the sheaves; but he: "Never fear; there will be no rain." No rain, indeed! We didn't heed him. And he smoked his pipe and leisurely reaped his portion. When, lo! and behold, a man on a black horse, and all dressed in black, appeared. He flew straight to Avstriyat. "Ho! stop," he said. But Avstriyat: "No, I won't stop." "Stop! for pity's sake." "I won't stop, if you should offer me more wealth than I could carry." The black rider bowed down to the saddle and tore off at full speed.

Meantime, the black cloud turned brown, and then white. Our village cronies were all convinced that there would be hail. But Avstriyat paid no heed. He reaped his portion and smoked his pipe. When, lo and behold! if the rider does not appear again, tearing over the field at full gallop, even more rapidly than the first time. Only, that now he was dressed all in white and was on a white horse. "Leave off!" he cried to Avstriyat. "I won't leave off." "Leave off, for the love of God!" "I won't leave off, if you were to give me a thousand pounds." "Yes, leave off; don't persist." Only then did Avstriyat look about him and say: "Oh! well, go! but only, mind you, on the hill beyond the meadows." Scarcely had he spoken, lo! the rider had vanished, but the hail pattered down as if out of a watering-pot. Before an hour was over, the hill you see yonder was completely strewed with hailstones, exactly to the boundary fences.

GREAT RUSSIAN (FROM THE VORONEJSKY GOVERNMENT).

About One-Eyed Misery.

THERE was a blacksmith. "Dear me," he said, "I have never seen sorrow. They say, Misery exists in the world. I will go and look for it." Off he set, took a good parting cup, and hie! away, to look for Misery. A tailor met him. "Good morrow!" "Good morrow! Whither away?" "Why, brother, all say Misery exists in the world; I never saw Misery, and go in search of it." "Let us go together; I, too, am well off, and never saw Misery; let us go look for it." And so they trudged on and on; then they turned aside into a wood, into dense gloomy thickets, and found a small, narrow pathway, and followed it—that narrow footpath. On and on they went along that narrow pathway; and lo! a fine dwelling-house stands before them. Night: nowhere to go. "Let us turn aside into this dwelling-place," they said. They entered; there was no one within; it was neglected, sordid. They seated themselves, and remained seated. And lo! there entered a tall woman, slovenly dressed, one-eyed. "Ah! ha!" she says. "So we have guests, eh! Good evening to you." "Good evening, grandam. We have come to pass the night at your house." "Nu! that *is* nice; there will be a good supper for me." They trembled all over with terror. And lo! she went and fetched a bundle of good firewood, laid the fire, and heated the oven. She came up to them, took one of them, the tailor, cut him up, put him in the oven, and laid the table. The blacksmith sat and mused: "What to do? What will happen?" She went and made a meal of the tailor. The blacksmith looked at the oven, and said: "Grandam, I am a blacksmith." "What can you make—forge?" "I can make anything." "Forge me an eye." "Very well," he said; "but have you rope? For I shall have to bind you; not that it will hurt you; then I can forge an eye for you." She went and brought two ropes, one a thick, the other a slender one. And so he bound her with the slender one. "Now, then,

twist and turn, grandam," he said. She did so, and snapped the rope. "Ah!" he said, "that one won't do at all, grandam." He took the stouter cord, and bound her with it well and tightly. "Twist and turn, grandam." She did so, and it did not break. Then he took an awl, heated it red-hot, and pointed it at her eye—at the sound one. After this, he took an axe and struck the awl with the butt end of it. But now she twisted and turned, until she broke the rope. And then she sat on the threshold. "Off with you! out of my house this minute, you rascal!" He sees that Misery is again with him. Sits and reflects. "What's to be done now?" After this the sheep came from pasture. She drove the sheep into her dwelling to pass the night there. And the blacksmith passed the night there, too. On the following morning she prepared to let the sheep out. He took a fleece, turned it with the hair uppermost, donned this case (or sheath), and crept up to her as a sheep. She let them out one by one, seizing each sheep by the back and then flinging it out. He, too, crept up to her. She seized him by the back and flung him out, too. She flung him out, and he stopped and exclaimed: "Farewell! old Misery. Misery have I suffered at your hands; now you shall bewitch me no longer." She replied: "Wait! I will torment you further."

And so the blacksmith returned by the wood and the narrow footpath. And he saw in a log an axe with a golden handle; he longed to possess it. So he seized the axe by the handle and the hand stuck to it. What was to be done? Do what he would he could not tear his hand away. He looked round and behind him. Misery was close upon him, and exclaimed: "There, you rascal, you shall not escape me!" The blacksmith drew out a penknife which he had in his pocket and proceeded to hack away at his hand. He cut it off and escaped. He came to his home, and began to show by his hand that now he had seen Misery. "Ah! friends," he remarked, "see how matters stand; I," he said, "minus a hand, and my mate eaten whole." And that is the end of the story.

[There is in the style and language of the original the expression of a hopeless, crushing misery which I have not been able to reproduce in the translation. To the classical scholar this story will simply be a distorted version of the Polypheme legend from the Odyssey. It seems to me more likely, however, that the borrowing has been the other way. The story, more or less perverted to moral ends, is in the first place only one of the forms of Hans and Gretel, symbolizing the escape from the *long*

Arctic winter night. Previous stories have familiarized us with the tailor and his allegorical significance; the blacksmith is also a familiar northern figure, who fills a large space in the Kalevalà. In these stories he sides sometimes with returning spring and the vital powers, sometimes with those of death, frost and darkness. This is quite in harmony with the blacksmith's calling: from one point of view he forges chains to repress; from another he develops heat to promote the return of life in spring. One-Eyed Misery is the moon in the Arctic winter night, just before the return of the sun. It would perfectly harmonize with this fact that the blacksmith in this story should partly symbolize the aurora borealis and its ineffectual efforts to blot out the moonlight. One-Eyed Misery, then, is the *long* Arctic night with the moon minus the sun in it: the origin of so many one-eyed hags. When the legend drifted as far south as Sicily, or came into the hands of Homer, the *long* one-eyed winter night ceased to have any significance, but a one-eyed monster fitted the "much-speaking" Mongibello to a T with its one-eyed crater. Hence Polyphemus, and from the numerous perfect cups or craters round the base arose the other Cyclops. I hold, therefore, that just as the Vake legend was prior to the Argonauts, and the Serbian legend of the miraculous hair was prior to the legend of Dido's death in Virgil, so this Arctic myth was prior to the legend of Polypheme and the Cyclops as related by Homer in the Odyssey.

It will be remembered that in Hans and Gretel, Hans has a pipe which he holds out instead of his finger, and old Vjeringey hacks away at it, and finding it tough respites him. The sheep in the present story would explain the presence of this shepherd's pipe, as well as the Polish legend, entitled the Shepherd's Pipe; but this is, perhaps, driving analogy too far. The incident of the hand sticking to the axe handle, however, at once recalls George and his Goat, where Kate, Manka, Doodle, the Bull, the Mayor, et cetera, all stuck together, an effect which the analysis of that story clearly showed to be due to the winter frost.]

Baba Yaga.

An old man and woman once lived together. The old man was left a widower and married a second time. A little daughter by the first wife survived her. The wicked stepmother did not love her, but beat her, and reflected in what way she could get rid of her altogether. Once the father rode out somewhere, and the stepmother said to the little girl, "Go to your aunt, my sister, and ask for a needle and thread to sew a shirt for you." Now this aunt was Baba Yaga, of the skeleton foot. But the little girl was no fool, so she went first to her own aunt. "Good morrow, aunt." "Good morrow, niece. What have you come about?" "My stepmother has sent me to her sister to borrow needle and thread to sew a shirt for me." And the other instructed her as to how she should act. "There, my niece, a birch will point at your eye—you must tie it with a ribbon; there the gate will creak and slam to—you must grease its hinges with oil; there the dogs will threaten to rend you—you must throw them bread; there the cat will try to scratch your eyes out—you must give her bacon." Away went the little girl, trudged on and on, and at last arrived at her destination.

Before her stood a cottage, and in it sat Baba Yaga, of the skeleton foot, and wove. "Good morrow, auntie." "Good morrow, niece." "My stepmother has sent me to ask for a needle and thread to sew a shirt for me." "Very well; sit down in the meantime and weave." So the little girl sat at the loom, and Baba Yaga went and said to her maid of all work, "Go and heat up the bath, and give my niece a wash. Mind you wash her well, for I want to make my breakfast off her." The little girl sat, neither dead nor alive, all of a tremble with terror, and begged the maid of all work, "Sister mine, do not light the fire until you have filled the bath, and bring the water in a sieve." And she gave her a kerchief. Baba Yaga, "Are you weaving, my little niece? Are you weaving, dearie?" "I am, auntie dear." Baba Yaga went away, and the little girl gave bacon to the cat and enquired, "Couldn't I get away from here, somehow or other?" "Take a comb and towel," said the cat, "and run away. Baba Yaga will give chase. Lay your ear to the ground,

and when you perceive that she is close upon you, throw first the towel. It will transform itself into a broad river. If Baba Yaga succeeds in fording the river, and be about to catch you up, again lay your ear to the ground, and when she is close upon you throw the comb. It will transform itself into a dense, dense forest through which she will never be able to pass."

The little girl took the towel and comb, and ran off. The dogs wish to rend her—she threw them the bread and they left her; the gate tried to slam to and imprison her—she greased its hinges for it and it let her pass; the birch tried to slash her in the eye—she bound it with the ribbon and it let her go past.

And the cat sat at the loom and wove. It did not weave so much as entangle everything. Baba Yaga came to the window and enquired, "Are you weaving, niece? Are you weaving, beloved?" "I am weaving, auntie, dear; I am weaving," replied the cat, gruffly. Baba Yaga flung into the chamber, perceived that the little girl had escaped, and began to beat and belabour the cat for not having scratched the little girl's eyes out. "All these years have I served you," said the cat, "and you have never given me as much as old bones to eat; and *she* gave me prime bacon." Baba Yaga now turned angrily on the dogs, the gate, the birch, and her maid of all work, and began to abuse and belabour them all in turn. The dogs said, "All these years we served you, and you never flung us as much as burnt crusts; but *she* gave us real, good bread." The door said, "All these years have I served you, and you never even moistened my hinges with a drop of water; and *she* greased them with excellent oil." The birch said, "All these years I have served you, and you never bound me with so much as a thread; and *she* has given me a beautiful ribbon." The servant said, "All the time I have served you, you never gave me so much as an old rag; and *she* has presented me with a fine towel."

Baba Yaga, of the skeleton foot, hastily seated herself in her wooden mortar, pushed it along with the pestle, and swept her traces away with a mop, and so post haste in pursuit of the little girl. The little girl placed her ear to the ground and heard that Baba Yaga was in full pursuit and now close upon her. So she proceeded to throw the towel, and it transformed itself into a broad, such a broad river. Baba Yaga reached the river and ground her teeth with rage, turned home again, took her bulls, and hastened to the river. The bulls drank the whole river dry. Baba Yaga again

set off in pursuit. The little girl put her ear to the ground, and again perceived that Baba Yaga was close upon her, and flung the comb. It turned into a forest—such a dense and terrible one. Baba Yaga tried to gnaw through it, but soon gave up the attempt in despair. She could not gnaw it down, and so turned home again.

The old man had just come home again, and asked: "Where is my little daughter?" "She has gone to her auntie's," said the stepmother. A minute or two later the little girl herself came running home. "Where have you been?" enquired her father. "Oh! papa," she said, "thus and thus. My stepmother sent me to auntie's to beg a needle and thread to sew me a shirt, and auntie—Baba Yaga—wanted to eat me up." "How did you escape, daughter?" "So and so," recounted the little girl. The old man on learning all this was furious with his wife and shot her dead; and he and his daughter lived together, continued to live together, and lived right merrily. I was once there myself and drank mead with them: it ran all over my beard, but none of it passed my lips.

[This is the incident that so often crops up in fairy stories. In its most primitive Lapp form, the escape of the lovers, who untie coloured bags, and so raise tempests behind them—so like the escape of Jason and Medea in the Argonauts—it allegorizes the final escape of light and life from the jaws of the Arctic winter night, at the return of the Arctic winter day. From the Lorely to the Vake legend seems a long step, and yet they are identical. The more we compare these legends, in their more primitive forms, the more we perceive how very few, in the vast entanglement of folk-lore legends and fairy stories, the essential elements really are.]

The Kid-Prince.

A MONARCH and his consort lived happily together. They had a son and daughter; they called the son Ivanushka and the daughter Alenushka. Now this monarch and his consort died, and the children were left alone, and went and wandered over the wide (*lit.* white) world. On and on they went: at last they reach a fishpond, where they see a herd of cows pasturing. "I want to drink," said Ivanushka; "Oh! no, brother dear, for then you will become a little calf," said Alenushka. He obeyed her, and they went further: on and on, till they saw a river, and along it careered a troop of horses. "Oh! dearest sister, if you only knew how thirsty I am." "Don't drink, brother, or you will be transformed into a little foal." Ivanushka obeyed, and they went further; on and on they went, and saw a lake and a flock of sheep browsing round it. "Oh! sister, I have such a terrible thirst." "Don't drink, brother, or you will become a little lamb." Ivanushka again obeyed, and they went further, on and on, and saw a rivulet with a herd of swine. "Oh! sister dear, let me drink, I am so awfully thirsty." "Don't drink, brother, or you will become a sucking-pig." Ivanushka obeyed again, and they went further, and on and on, and saw a flock of goats browsing by the water-side. "Oh! sister dear, I must slake my thirst." "Oh! don't drink, dearest brother, or you will become a kid." He could not restrain himself, did not obey his sister, slaked his thirst and was transformed into a kid, ran sportively in front of Alenushka, and cried: "Mekeke! mekeke!"

Alenushka tied a silken belt round his neck, led him by it, and did nothing but weep, weep most bitterly. The kid ran this way and that, and once ran into the garden of a certain monarch. The people observed it, and send to the monarch at once: "Your royal majesty, there is a kid in the garden, led by a silken cord by as pretty a girl as you could find anywhere."

The monarch ordered them to enquire who she might be. So the people asked her: "Where do you come from, and to what family do you belong?" "Such and such," said Alenushka: "there was a monarch and his consort; they died; we children

were left—I, the princess, and my brother here, the prince. He could not refrain from drinking the water and became a kid." The people reported all this to the monarch. The monarch summoned Alenushka and enquired about everything. She pleased him, and the monarch desired to marry her. Soon the wedding was celebrated, and they settled down together, and the kid with them, sporting in the garden, eating and drinking with the monarch and his fair young consort.

Well, once the monarch went out hunting. In the meantime a sorceress came and cast a spell upon the princess; she bewitched Alenushka and caused her to be pallid and suffering and miserable. Everything in the monarch's palace was transformed: the flowers in the garden drooped and withered: the woods grew sere, the grass dried up: the monarch returned and enquired of his princess, "Are you poorly? What is the matter?" "Yes, I am unwell," said the princess. Next day the monarch again went out hunting. Alenushka lay suffering. The sorceress came to her and said: "If you desire it, I can cure you. Go to such and such a sea, at early dawn, and drink the water there." The queen obeyed, and in the dusk of early morning went to the sea. The witch was lying in wait for her, seized her, tied a stone round her neck and flung her into the sea. Alenushka sank to the bottom, and the kid ran about weeping bitterly. The witch now transformed herself into the queen and went to the palace. The monarch returned from the chase, and was rejoiced to find his queen restored to health again. The table was laid, and they dined together. "And where is the kid?" enquired the monarch. "There is no need of him," replied the witch. "I ordered to keep him away, he smells so bad." Next day, as soon as the monarch again went out hunting, the witch thumped and belaboured the kid, and threatened him: "When the monarch returns home, I will beg him to let you be killed." The monarch returned, the witch approached him with: "I beg and implore you to let the kid be killed; I am sick and tired of him, and he is utterly repugnant to me." The monarch was sorry for the kid, but what could he do? for she so insisted and entreated that the monarch at last gave in and ordered the kid to be slain. There was the kid, there steel knives drawn ready to cut his throat. He weeping ran to the czar and implored: "Monarch, let me go to the sea, drink water and rinse my bowels out." And so the kid went to the sea, stood on the shore and exclaimed piteously:

Alenushka, sister dear,
From the bottom of the mere,
Float to land, my darling sister:
Logs are crackling till they blister:
Bubble, bubble goes the kettle:
Flash the knives of steely metal:
For they want to kill poor me.

And she replied:

Ivanushka, brother dear,
Ivanushka, brother, hear:
First a wicked witch me gagged:
Then a stone me hither dragged:
Where a savage viper drains
All the heart's blood from my veins.

The kid wept and turned home again. At noon he again entreated the king: "King, let me go to the sea, drink water, and rinse my bowels out." The king let him go. The kid ran to the sea and piteously exclaimed:

Alenushka, sister dear,
From the bottom of the mere,
Float to land, my darling sister:
Logs are crackling till they blister:
Bubble, bubble goes the kettle:
Flash the knives of steely metal:
For they want to kill poor me.

She replied:

Ivanushka, brother dear,
Ivanushka, brother, hear:
First a wicked witch me gagged:
Then a stone me hither dragged:
Where a savage viper drains
All the heart's blood from my veins.

The kid wept and turned home again. The king pondered what could be the meaning of all this running of the kid to the sea. And now it begged for the third time: "Let me go the sea, drink water, and rinse my bowels out." The king let him go, and himself followed him: came to the sea, and heard his appeal to his sister:

Alenushka, sister dear,
From the bottom of the mere,
Float to land, my darling sister:

Logs are crackling till they blister :
Bubble, bubble goes the kettle :
Flash the knives of steely metal :
For they want to kill poor me.

Alenushka rose to the surface and appeared above the water. The monarch seized her, undid the stone from her neck, drew Alenushka to the shore and enquired: "How did this happen?" She told him everything ; the king was delighted, the kid too, believe me ; ah ! how it skipped and hopped : and in the garden all grew green and blossomed. And the king ordered that the witch be executed : a pile of wood was laid in the courtyard and they burned her. After this the king and queen and the kid began to live in earnest and to have a merry time of it : cheerily they lived in union and as previously drank and supped together.

[This is the anti-climax of "The Three Citrons." The kid may be Aries.]

Coso-Rutchka, or Crooked-Arm.

In a certain principality, not in our sphere of government, lived a rich merchant: he had two children, a son and daughter. The father and mother both died. The brother said to the sister, "Let us, dear sister, leave this town. I will hire a shop and we will trade as shopkeepers; I will get nice lodgings for you, and so we shall manage to live." And so they went into another province and to another provincial government. And so the brother decided upon a shop and took it on lease, with drapery goods inside it. Next, the brother thought about marriage: in fact he took to himself a wife who was a sorceress. The brother betook himself to his shop to attend to his business and said to his sister, "Keep a sharp look-out at home, dear sister." His wife hated these injunctions to his sister. After reflection, when her husband had gone to the shop, she went and smashed all the furniture and waited for her husband. She met him and said: "Look! a nice kind of a sister yours is; she has smashed up all the furniture with a hammer." "Oh! that is a trifle, a mere nothing," observed her husband.

So, the next day when he went to attend to his business in the shop, he conversed previously with his wife, and said to his sister, "Keep as sharp a look-out as possible, sister mine, about the house, if you please." This time the woman hit upon an excellent way of injuring her husband: she went to the stable and cut her husband's favourite horse's head off with a sword. She stood on the perron and waited for him. "Look here!" says she, "a nice sort of sister yours is. Why," says she, "she has cut your favourite horse's head off." "Oh! what of that! it will make excellent dog's meat," replied her husband.

On the third day the husband went to his shop, and said previously to his sister, "Keep an eye, if you please, on my good lady, not lest she do an injury to herself, but to the infant which she might bear unexpectedly." And, indeed, an infant was so born, and she went and cut off its head! She sat and wept over the infant. And now her husband comes home: "A nice sort of sister yours is, in-

deed. I had a child prematurely, and she went and cut off its head with a sword." Her husband said nothing, wept bitter tears, and so left her.

Night came. Exactly at midnight he got up and said: "Dear sister, get ready and we will attend mass together." She replied: "My own brother, now, if you remember, is not a festival." "Oh, yes, sister, it is a festival; let us go." She replies: "It is too early for us to go yet, brother." "No," he says, "your objections are childish. Just dress yourself." The poor sister began to dress herself: dressed as her hands fumbled. The brother goes up to her and says: "Come! make haste, little sister, and dress yourself." "But," she replies, "it is too early, brother." "No, sister, it is not early: it is just the right time." At last the sister was ready, and they sat and drove out to mass. They drove along, not a little way, and finally entered a wood. The sister said: "What wood is this?" He replied: "It is the boundary wood round the church." And lo! the droshky got entangled in a bush. The brother said: "Get out, little sister, and disentangle the droshky." "Ah! brother, dear brother, I cannot; I shall grease my dress." "I, sister, will buy you some new materials much better than those you wear." So she got out of the droshky and tried to disentangle it, when her brother cut off her arms at the elbow, lashed up the horses, and drove away from her. The poor sister was left weeping bitterly and wandering about the wood. And she wandered hither and thither, far and near, all tattered and torn, and could find no track to lead her out of the wood. At last she came upon a small pathway which led her out of the wood, but only after a few years; and so she came out of the wood and reached a mercantile city, and went under the windows of a rich merchant's to beg for alms. The merchant had a son, their only one, dear as the eye in the forehead, and he fell in love with this beggar girl. He said: "Papa and mamma, let me marry." "And who do you wish to marry?" "This beggar girl." "Ah! my dear child, surely among the merchants' daughters you can find a much better one." "Oh! let me marry her, for if you do not, I shall commit some rash act upon myself." What a sorry plight for them! for a son, dear as the eye in your forehead, to do like that! So they collected all the merchants and the priests and asked: "What do you advise? Shall we let him marry this beggar girl or not?" And the priests said: "Such is his destiny. God wills that he marry the beggar girl."

And so he lived with her a year or two, and then he migrated to the other governorship—where her brother was, you know—to keep a shop. And he earnestly requested his parents: "Oh! papa, and oh! mamma, do not abandon my wife, and as soon as she is delivered, write to me instanter." Their son drove off, and two or three months afterwards his wife bore a child—gold on his elbows, thick stars down his sides, on his brow moonlight, a heavenly sun over against his heart. You may imagine how delighted the old mother and father were, and that they wrote off at once to their beloved son.

They sent an old man off post haste with the letter. But the witch sister-in-law, *you* know, knew all about it, and called the old man to her: "Come hither, my good old man, and rest a little." "No, I have no time; they sent me post haste." "Oh! do come and rest, you nice old thing, and you shall have a good dinner." And so she made him sit down to dinner and got hold of his bag, drew out the letter, read it through, tore it into small fragments, and composed another one: "What your wife has brought forth," it said, "is half puppy and half young bear. She must have had intercourse with the beasts in the wood." The old man reached the son of the merchant's home and presented the letter. He read it through, wept bitterly, and then answered as follows: "Take no steps till my arrival; I will come myself and judge what sort of an infant she has given birth to." And so after this the sorceress again beguiled the old man. "Come and sit down, you nice old fellow," she said. And he went in. She bewitched him with her talk, drew out his letter, read it through, tore it up, and wrote that as soon as the letter reached the house, they were to drive her and her child out of it. The old man brought this letter home: the father and mother read it and were very angry. "What is all this?" they said. "Would he bring us to ruin? We gave him the wife of his desire, and now he has no further need of her." They grieved not so much for the wife as for the infant. And so they called her, gave her and the infant their blessing, tied the latter to her bosom, and sent her away from the house.

And she trudged off, weeping bitter tears, on and on, by highways and byways—all was open field, there was not a forest to be seen, nor even so much as a tree. She went into a dingle and felt a great thirst upon her. She looked to the right and there was a well. As I say, she had a great thirst, and bent down, dreading lest she should drop her infant. But now it seemed to her as though the water was

somehow nearer. She bent down, her baby slipped from her breast and fell into the well, and she walked round the well weeping: "How shall I get my little Moses, my little Benjamin (*lit.* baby), out of the water again?" An old man came up and said: "What are you weeping for, hussey?" (*lit.* slave girl). "How should I not weep? I bent over the well to slake my thirst, and my baby has fallen into the water." "Reach down and you will recover him." "Alas! no, old man, my poor arms are lopped off at the elbow." "Just reach down; you will recover your brat." And so she went to the well and tried to reach down with her arms, and the Lord had pity on her; her arms reappeared from the elbows downwards. She reached down, got her baby, and began thanking God in prayer to all the four quarters of the globe.

Having finished praying, she trudged on and reached the house where her husband and brother lived, and begged a night's lodging. And her husband said: "Brother, let the beggar girl in; these beggar girls know tales and fairy stories, and sometimes relate even true histories. But the sister-in-law said: "There is no room for her to spend the night with us; the house is choke-full." "No, brother! let her in; there is nothing in the world I enjoy so much as to hear these beggar girls tell their stories and fairy tales." And so they let her in. And she sat by the hearth with her baby in her arms. Her husband said: "Come, pretty one, and tell us a fairy story or tell us any sort of history." She replied: "I do not know any fables or fairy stories to relate to you; but I can tell you a true story. Listen, oh! master of the house, while I relate to you a real, true story." And she began as follows: "In a certain principality, not in our sphere of government, lived a rich merchant. He had two children, a son and a daughter. Father and mother both died; so the brother said to the sister: 'Sister, let us leave this city.' So they went into another governorship. The brother decided and hired a shop with drapery wares in it. Then he thought of marrying, and chose for his wife a sorceress." Here the sister-in-law began grumbling, and said: "And so this light-o'-love went off tittle-tattling!" But her husband said: "Go on, go on, with your story, little mother; I am quite delighted with such stories." "Well, then," continued the beggar girl, "the brother went off to mind his shop, and said to his sister: 'Keep an eye on the house, dear sister!' His wife objected to his always saying this to his sister; so out of malice she smashed all the furniture." And so she related everything: how

he had taken her to mass, and cut off her arms; how she had a child; how her sister-in-law bamboozled the old letter carrier. And the sister-in-law again exclaimed: "And so she began to trump up lying tales." The husband said: "Brother, bid your wife hold her tongue: this is a splendid story." And so she continued to relate how her husband had written begging them to preserve the infant till his return; but the sister-in-law again grumbled: "And so you chatter this rubbish!" Then she continued how she had come to their house. And the sister-in-law snarled: "And so she began to bawl her trash, the ——." The husband says: "Brother, tell her to hold her tongue; why is she always interrupting?" And the other continued how they had admitted her into the parlour, and how she had begun to tell them a real, true story. And here she points to them and said: "That is my husband, that my brother, and that is my sister-in-law." Then her husband rushed up to her by the hearth and said: "Well, my dear, show me your infant, whether my father and mother wrote the truth or not." He took and unswathed the infant, and lo! the whole chamber was a blaze of light. "Lo! 'tis the very truth, and no fairy story you have brought us: lo! my wife! lo! my son! on his elbow gold; down his sides thickly set stars; on his forehead the moonlight—and, over against his heart, the lovely sun of spring." As for the witch, her brother took from his stable his very best mare, tied his wife to its tail, and let it out on to the bare wold. It horsed her up and down, so long as a hair of her remained, and scattered her all over the field.

After this they got ready a droshky and drove home to father and mother. There they lived, enjoyed themselves and had a merry time. I, too, was there, and drank mead; it ran over my beard, but none passed my lips.

[The witch who kills her own child is the frost that nips the premature buds of spring. The rest is the anti-climax of "The Three Citrons."]

Yaga-Bura.

In a certain land lived three brothers: the eldest was called Baran, the second Kozel, and the smallest Chuphil-Philiyoushka. Well, once upon a time, they all three went to the forest, and in the forest dwelt their paternal grandfather, who was a forester. With this old man, their grandfather, Baran and Kozel left their own brother, Chuphil-Philiyoushka, and themselves went out hunting in the forest. Philiyoushka had the most complete liberty; the grandfather was an old and sickly dotard; so Philiyoushka was left to himself. He wanted to eat an apple: left his grandfather, went into the garden, and clomb the apple tree.

All at once, heaven knows whence, Yaga-Bura appeared in her iron mortar, pestle in hand, bounced up to the apple tree, and said: "Good morrow, Philiyoushka! what are you climbing up there for?" "Why, to gather an apple, of course," says Philiyoushka. "Here, coz, here is one of my apples for you." "It is rotten," said Philiyoushka. "Here is another." "It is worm-eaten." "You funny little fellow, Philiyoushka; now, do take one of mine, from hand to hand." He stretched out his hand, Yaga-Bura seized it in a twinkling, seated him in her mortar, and hie, away! bounding over bushes and forests and gorges, driving the mortar, at full speed, with her pestle. Then Philiyoushka bethought him of his two brothers, and cried out: "Baran! Kozel! run as fast as you can! Yaga has carried me off over mountains all craggy, over forests all scraggy, over desolate steppes." Kozel and Baran were just then reposing; one of them was lying on the ground, and so he heard someone crying out. "Lay your ear to the ground," said the recumbent to the seated brother. "Oh, dear! it is our Philiyoushka that is making all the hubbub." They rushed forth at full speed, ran and ran and caught up Yaga-Bura, freed Philiyoushka, and took him back to his grandfather, who had nearly gone out of his mind through missing the lad.

And so they leave their grandfather to keep an eye on Philiyoushka, and themselves retired. Philiyoushka repeated his former pranks and again clomb for an apple. Just as he was climbing up,

lo! Yaga-Bura again before him, offering him an apple. "No! you won't bamboozle me a second time, you wicked old thing!" said Philiyoushka. "There, then! Philiyoushka, you really must accept an apple from me. I will throw it you." "Good, chuck it here." Yaga purposely flung him the apple low down; he stretches out for the apple in order to seize it, and in an instant Yaga-Bura has him again by the hand, and is again racing recklessly over hill and dale and dense forest. She carried him off to her home, washed him and cleaned him, and put him on the settle by the fire.

Well, on the morrow Yaga-Bura prepared to go into the forest, and said to her daughter: "Daughter mine, heat up the stove red-hot and roast Chuphil-Philiyoushka for dinner." Then she went off alone after booty. The daughter heated up the stove, took and tied up Philiyoushka and placed him on the shovel, and had almost shoved it and him on it into the oven, but he butted with his feet against her forehead. "That is not the way," said Yaga-Bura's daughter. "How then?" said Philiyoushka, "I do not understand." "How! just let me show you how!" And she lay on the shovel in the proper way; but Chuphil-Philiyoushka in a minute had pushed her into the oven, and slammed to the oven door as tight as a trivet. No long time elapsed, perhaps two or three hours, before Philiyoushka smelt the savoury odour of roast meat; opened the oven door, drew out Yaga-Bura's daughter, done to a turn, smeared her with butter, covered her up with a cloth in the frying-pan, and placed it on the settle by the fire; but he himself retired to the garret, and took with him Yaga-Bura's week-day pestle and mortar. And now, towards evening, Yaga-Bura returned, hurried straight to the settle and drew out the roast. She ate up everything, collected all the bones, and laid them on the ground in order; nor did she trouble about the absence of her daughter: she thought she was spinning in the next room. And so Yaga rumbled-tumbled, exclaiming all the time: "My beloved daughter! come out and rumble-tumble with me over Philiyoushka's poor little bones." And Philiyoushka from the garret squeaked: "Rumble-tumble, roll and fumble, over your own dear daughter's bones." "What! you there, you brigand! Just stop! I'll give it you this time!" She gnashed her teeth, thumped with her feet, and clomb up to the garret. Chuphil-Philiyoushka was not a bit startled, but seized the pestle, and with it struck her over the brow with all his might. Yaga lay sprawling on the ground. Then Chuphil-Philiyoushka crept out upon the roof, observed geese flying

past, and called out to them: "Give me but one feather each, and I will make for myself little wings as well." They gave him a feather each, and so he flew home again. But, at home, they had for a long time been having memorial services for the rest of his soul. Afterwards, when they saw him, they were all unspeakably delighted, and instead of whining funeral services, prepared a splendid banquet and enjoyed themselves amazingly.

[This story affiliates Budulinek with the other Arctic winter myths. In it we are in full cannibalism, and, in conjunction with the previous stories, it throws a considerable amount of light upon the popular Russo-Slav mind. The Russophil has one of two alternatives before him: either to postulate that the cannibal stories date back from a very remote antiquity, or to admit that his ruffianly pets are morally about on a level with New Guinea and the Solomon Islanders. It is some measure of the depths of imbecile degradation to which Christianity reduces its dupes, that Western Europe, merely because they are fanatical Christians, paupers, toadies, aids and abets these loathsome northern savages in their persevering brigandage and cannibalism against the great and peace-loving Chinese Empire, which boasts ten thousand years of civilisation and settled government, by every form of ungenerous unfairness and truckling servility.]

The Bear and Sisters Three.

THERE was once a peasant who had three daughters, and his barn was full of thrashed rye. One by one he sent his daughters to guard this rye, that the chickens might not steal it and peck it up. Off went the eldest daughter, and looked about: a cat arrived with a jug. He filled the jug, and then took to his heels, she after him. The cat—hie, away! from the barn, she too: the cat in the field, she too: the cat in the forest, she too: the cat in a cottage, she too. She looked about her: in the cottage lay a bear; and this bear said to her: "Pretty maid, will you marry me?" "Not at all; I won't marry you." "Then I will eat you." And so, perforce, she agreed to marry him.

The bear went out a-roving, and said to her: "While I am taking a stroll, bake my puffs for me." Then he gave her the keys of all the rooms, and said to her: "Go into all the rooms, but into such and such a one do not go." As soon as he had gone, she said to herself: "Why did he say that I was not to go into that particular room? I will go and see what is in it." She went to this room; entered it; looked about: in it tar was bubbling. She went and dipped her thumb in the tar, and her thumb fell off. The bear returned and said: "Have you baked my puffs?" She replied that she had done so. "Give me them." She was about to give him them, but he observed that she had her thumb bandaged, and said: "Wife! why have you your thumb bandaged?" She replied: "I injured it while cutting cabbage stalks." "Just show it me." She showed it him, and he ate her up.

And so the father says to the second sister: "That scapegrace, my first daughter," says he, "has gone a-roving; go you and watch the rye." She went; again came the cat with the jug. She raced after him. Cat in the field, she too: cat in the forest, she too: cat in the cottage, she too. She perceived the bear and became his bride. The bear went out a stroll: gave her the keys, and forbade her to go into one of the rooms. She went, dipped her finger in the tar, and it fell off. The bear returned, discovered all, and ate her up.

And so the father said to the youngest daughter : "That scapegrace daughter of mine has gone a-roving ; go you and guard the rye." And so she went. She looked about : the cat runs up with the jug, fills it with rye, and hie, away ! from the barn, she after him. Cat in the field, she too : cat in the forest, she too : cat in the cottage, she too. In she runs, and sees the bear stretched out there. The bear says : "Pretty maid, will you be my bride?" "I don't mind!" she replies. Again he went to take a stroll, and said, "Bake me puffs." He gave her all the keys, and said, "Into such and such a chamber do not go." Then he retired. She said to herself, "Why," she said, "am I not to go into that particular chamber ? I will go and see what is in it." She went to the room and saw the bubbling tar. She looked carefully in the tar and saw her sisters' thumbs in it. And so she said, "This is where my sisters perished," she said. She went into the next room and found that it was all bestrewn with gold. She took all the gold and ordered herself a pestle and mortar. They made it for her. She gave them a thousand roubles for bringing it to the shed.

She teamed all the gold into this mortar, seated herself in it and rode home. She had not ridden far from the bear's dwelling when she looked round. The bear was returning home and went straight to the dwelling. He perceived that his wife was not there, hurried into the different rooms, first into one then into another, then into a third, and observed—all his gold gone, too! He went out into the courtyard, and she shouted to him : "I see, I see, bandy-legged limb of Satan !" He looked about, saw nothing, fell in a rage and began to smash his own dwelling, and broke everything to pieces. She again shouted to him : "I see, I see, bandy-legged imp of Satan !" He began to smash and split the trees to pieces. And one of the trees strangled him. And so this daughter returned to her father with the bear's gold, on which they lived like lord and lady.

[The Bluebeard part of the analogue to the anti-climax.]

The Linden.

VANIYUSHKA sat one evening with grandfather and asked him: "Why do bears' paws so resemble our hands and feet?" The old man replied: "Listen, Vaniyushka! I, myself, have heard from old people what I now relate to you. Old people say bears were once just as much human beings as we orthodox Christians are. In a certain village dwelt a lackland peasant. His small hut was a miserable one: it had no stable, much less a cow-house; nor had he any wood. Winter came, and dull it was in the unwarmed chamber. The peasant took an axe and went into the forest. And lo! an enchanted linden tree there caught his gaze. He struck it with the axe and cut it. And the linden tree spoke wheedlingly to our mannikin: 'Everything that you wish I will give you.' The moujik replied: 'Very well, would you then kindly, good mother, make me the richest of all our moujiks, for as it is I have neither stable nor cow-house, but only a miserable hut?' The linden said: 'Quick! march home again! you will find everything you have desired.' Off went our moujik: his home was all new: there was a birchwood palisade; horses that might have been Pegasuses, they so wished to fly; and store-houses overflowing with corn. The moujik was, however, discontented, for his wife was by no means beautiful. What was to be done? 'Oh! I'll go to Mother Linden tree!' He took his axe and went to the wood. Off to the linden in the wood he went, and struck it with his axe. 'What do you want now?' 'Mother Linden! people's women are generally like women, but mine is such an old horror! Do me the kindness to get me a decent-looking wife. The linden said: 'Quick! march home!' Off went the peasant; his wife met him—such a pretty one, with a complexion of milk and blood. And the larder full of every dainty. And so the peasant settled down with his young wife, and thought: 'It is well to be rich, but still we are under our superiors. Would it not be

possible to be ourselves the superiors?' He consulted his wife, and then went back to the miraculous linden.

"He reached the wood and struck the linden with his axe. 'What do you want now, my little moujik?' enquired the linden. 'What do I want, indeed, Mother Linden? It is good to be rich, but we are under the authorities. Could I not be head bailiff myself?' 'Good! off home again! You will find everything as you wish it.' The peasant had not even reached home, when, lo! an official order to the peasant that ran: 'The peasant is to be chief bailiff.' The peasant soon grew used to live as bailiff, and thought to himself: 'It is all very well to be bailiff, still one is always under the thumb of the lord of the manor. Could not I myself be lord of the manor?' He called his wife; they took sweet counsel together, and he—off again to the linden.

"Having reached it, he struck it with his axe. And the tree enquired, 'What do you want now?' 'I am grateful to you for everything, good mother, but save me from having to bow and scrape to the lord of the manor. Could I not myself be lord of the manor?' 'What is to be done with you? Well, march home again! Everything shall be as you desire.' He had not even reached home when the governor came, bringing an order from the king. He is made a nobleman. It was a fine thing to be a nobleman: he began to give entertainments and banquets. 'It is all very well to be a nobleman, but still I am without a service rank. Could I not become an official personage?' They consulted together. He went and struck the linden with the axe. 'What do you want, my moujik?' 'For everything, most gracious mother, I give you thanks. But would it be impossible for me to be a personage of high rank?' 'Oh! well—quick! march home again!' He had not reached home when a royal order arrived—the desired commission. It was well to be of official rank, but still he was under the thumb of the governor. His wife and he again reflected, and off he went to the wood—to the miraculous linden. He went to the linden and struck it with his axe. And it said, 'How now, my little moujik: with what are you discontented?' 'I thank you, gracious mother, for everything: but could I not myself be governor, and have a rich hereditary estate?' 'It will be difficult to manage that. Tsa! what is to be done with you? Well, off home again!' And before he reached home the order came; the peasant was appointed governor and presented with a rich estate. He soon became accustomed to

live as governor, just as though he had never been a peasant by birth. 'I like being governor; still, one is under the thumb of the Czar, and at the Czar's beck and call.' He reflected, and went again to the miraculous linden.

"He walked up to it and struck it with his axe. The tree enquired, "What can you want now?' 'All is good: I thank you for everything, but I should like to be Czar.' The linden tried to dissuade him. 'Insensate one! what is it you demand of me? Think what you are by birth and calling. From a peasant you have become a distinguished person—everything; but the Czar is chosen by God.' The linden then tried in every way to dissuade him from asking more and so losing all. The peasant would not yield, but insisted that he should be made Czar. Then the linden tree said: 'This cannot be; instead, you will lose all, down to the last.' But the peasant insisted upon everything. Then the linden said: 'Be you a he-bear and your wife a she-bear!' And so he became a he-bear and his wife a she-bear. And that is how bears came into being." Then the grandchild enquired, "Grandpapa, is that really true?" "The long and short of it is, it is a fable. What is impossible, do not desire. Be content with little. Who desires too much ends by losing all."

[The counterpart of this fable occurs in Grimm, of which it seems to be an earlier form. In Grimm it is called "The Fisherman's Wife." A fish being spared, becomes, I think, the magical giver. In the German story, however, with a touch of grim and true humour, it is the wife who is made to egg on her husband to demand and obtain. Finally, after being made Pope, she insists on becoming Lord God, and she and her husband find themselves back again in the fisher's cot. The intellectual ancestry of these two stories is Otesanek and the best of derivative weather myths, representing the intensifying winter and its final sudden collapse. It has occurred to someone, consciously or perhaps unconsciously, as in the case of "Right remains Right," to turn the myth to moral account.]

FROM THE PERMSKY GOVERNMENT.

The Immortal Skeleton.

In a certain kingdom, on a certain estate, lived a king ; this king had three sons, all grown up, when all at once the Immortal Skeleton carried off their mother. The eldest son begged his father to let him go in search for her. The father consented, he rode off, and nothing more was heard of him. The second son waited and waited, and at last begged leave of his father, rode off, and nothing more was heard of him either. The little son, Ivan Czarevitch, said to his father : " Batyushka ! let me go and find mammy ! " His father would not let him, but said : " Your brothers I have lost. Would you, too, desert me? I shall die of sorrow." "No, batyushka, give me leave ; I go with or without it." The father gave him leave.

Ivan Czarevitch went to select a horse, but do what he would he could not find one to his liking ; so he goes along the street hanging his head. An old woman now appeared from I know not where : "Why, Ivan Czarevitch, do you hang your head?" "Look you, old dame, I lay it on my hand, slap it with the other, and it will be jolly moist." The old woman ran round by a side street, again came to meet him, and said : "Good morrow, Ivan Czarevitch, why do you hang your head ? " He pondered : " Why does the good dame ask these questions ? Perhaps she could help me " ; and says to her : " The fact is, my good woman, I cannot find a horse to my liking." " Why rack your brains, stupid ? Rather trust an old woman," replied the beldame ; "come with me." She led him to a mountain, and pointed out a certain spot. "Clear away the earth here." Ivan Czarevitch dug, and saw an iron slab with twelve locks ; these locks he at once tore off, and folding doors opened : he entered the underworld. Here, chained with twelve chains, was a magnificent steed ; he evidently perceived that it was the rider destined for him, neighed, struggled and broke all the twelve chains. Ivan Czarevitch donned the rich apparel, bridled the steed, saddled him with his Circassian

saddle, gave the old woman some money, saying, "Thanks and benediction, my good woman," seated himself on the horse and rode away.

Far away he rode, and at last reached a mountain—an enormous, precipitous mountain! It was quite impossible to ride a horse over it. Now, his brothers were riding near the mountain: they greeted him, and all three rode on together; finally they reached an iron stone, one hundred and fifty poods in weight, with this inscription on it: "Whoever can throw this stone on to the mountain will be able to walk over it as well!" The elder brother could not raise the stone, but Ivan Czarevitch, at one fling, threw it on to the mountain, and that instant a flight of steps appeared on the mountain side. He left his horse, drew blood from his little finger, and said: "If the blood in the goblet turns black, do not wait for me, you will know that I am dead." Then he took leave of them and went his way. He turned and clomb the mountain side, and what do you think he saw there? Well, all sorts of forests, all sorts of berries, and all sorts of birds. Far, very far, trudged Ivan Czarevitch, and at last reached a house, an enormous house! In it lived a royal daughter, the Immortal Skeleton had carried her off. Ivan Czarevitch walked round the outer wall, but not a door was to be seen. The royal daughter, seeing a man, came out on to the balcony, and called out to him: "On the boundary wall yonder, observe their is a scutcheon, touch it with your little finger, and it will become a door." Ivan Czarevitch did so and entered the house. The girl welcomed him, brought him meat and drink, and enquired his object in coming. He related that he had come to rescue his mother from the Immortal Skeleton. On this the girl said: "It will be difficult to gain access to your mother, Ivan Czarevitch! Why, he is immortal, and will kill you. We have here, however, a sword fifty poods in weight; if you can brandish it, be off and try your luck!" Ivan Czarevitch not only raised and brandished the sword, but tossed it up in the air, and then went further. He reached a second house, and knowing how to find the door, entered it, and lo! there was his mother! She embraced him and wept over him. Here, too, to try his strength, he tossed up a ball one thousand and five hundred poods in weight. The time now drew near for the home-coming of the Immortal Skeleton, and his mother stowed him away. All at once the Immortal Skeleton entered the house and said: "Phu! Phu! Russian bones have never been seen or heard of, but a Russian bone has come

even to our courtyard. Who has been with you? Your son, eh?" "God be with you! What is the matter with you? You have been flying over Russia, all snapping up Russian souls, and got their fancies into your head," replied Ivan Czarevitch's mother, and herself approached the Immortal Skeleton with fond words, and further enquired of him: "Where, Immortal Skeleton, is your death kept?" "My death," he said, "is in such and such a place: there stands an oak, under the oak a locker, in the locker a hare, in the hare a duck, in the duck an egg, and in the egg my death." The Immortal Skeleton said this, tarried a short while, and then flew off.

The fitting moment came. Ivan Czarevitch bade his mother farewell, and took his way in search of the Immortal Skeleton's death. On and on he trudged, a long time, without eating or drinking; was dying to eat something, but reflected: "It would be so much time lost!" All at once, lo! a young wolf. He wished to kill it. The mother wolf sprang out of her lair, and said: "Do not slay my child. I will requite you." "Be it so." Ivan Czarevitch spared the young wolf, and went further. He saw a crow. "Stay," he thought; "now I really will have a bite." He loaded his gun and was about to shoot; but the crow said: "Do not slay me and I will requite you." Ivan Czarevitch pondered, and spared the crow. He went further, reached a sea and paused on the shore. At this moment, all at once, a young pike leapt out of the water and fell on the shore. He seized it and mortally longed to eat it, and said to himself: "Now, at last, I will eat." But the mother pike appeared from I know not where and said: "Do not slay my child, Ivan Czarevitch, and I will requite you." So he spared the young pike, too. How was he to cross the sea? He sat on the shore and pondered. The pike seemed to know his thoughts perfectly, and lay full length on the surface. Ivan Czarevitch crossed on her back, as over a bridge; reached the oak where lay the Immortal Skeleton's death, found the locker, opened it. Out skipped the hare, and ran off. Where was he to get hold of the hare? Ivan Czarevitch was in a great fright because he had allowed the hare to escape; thought and thought in vain; but the wolf, whom he had not killed, rushed after it, seized it and brought it to Ivan Czarevitch. He was delighted, seized the hare, tore it open, and, as he did so, out flies the duck and fluttered away. He took aim, fired, and missed it. Again he was in despair. But now, from I know not where, the crow and the young crow appeared, darted after the duck, seized it and brought it

to Ivan Czarevitch. He was delighted; he had got the egg; returned, reached the sea, began to wash the egg, and it fell into the water. How to recover it? Immeasurably deep! The Czarevitch was again in despair. All at once the sea grew white with foam, and the pike brought him the egg, and then stretched itself across the sea. Ivan Czarevitch crossed the sea on its back, and took his way to his mother's; reached the house; they greeted one another, and she again hid him. Meanwhile, the Immortal Skeleton flew home, and said: "Phu! phu! Russian bones have never been seen or heard of: but surely something Russian is here." "What's the matter with you, Skeleton dear? There's not anybody with me," replied Ivan Czarevitch's mother. The Skeleton again said: "I somehow feel ill at ease." And Ivan Czarevitch flicked the egg; as he did so the Immortal Skeleton writhed with pain. Finally, Ivan Czarevitch drew out the egg, shewed it, and said: "Look! Immortal Skeleton, there is your death." The other fell on his knees before him and said: "Slay me not, Ivan Czarevitch! We will live as good friends; the whole universe shall be subject to us." Ivan Czarevitch was not to be humbugged by his words, broke the egg, and the Immortal Skeleton dropped down dead.

Ivan Czarevitch and his mother took what was necessary, and went in the direction of their house. On their way, they turned aside to visit the king's daughter, whom Ivan Czarevitch had previously called in at, and took her with them. They went further, and reached the mountain where Ivan Czarevitch's brothers were waiting. The girl said: "Ivan Czarevitch, turn back to my house for me, I have forgotten my wedding dress, my diamond ring, and unsewn shoes." Meanwhile, he let down his mother and the king's daughter, who promised to marry him on his return home. The brothers received them, and then cut the lowering cord, so that Ivan Czarevitch could not be let down, and by threats forced their mother and the girl to say nothing about Ivan Czarevitch at home. They reached their kingdom once more. Their father was delighted with his children and their bride, only he grieved for the loss of his poor Ivan Czarevitch.

And Ivan Czarevitch returned to the home of his bride, took the wedding ring, the dress for the dowry, and the unsewn shoes, reached the mountain again, and tosses the ring from hand to hand. Twelve youths appeared and enquired: "What are your orders?" "Get me down from this mountain, somehow." The youths at

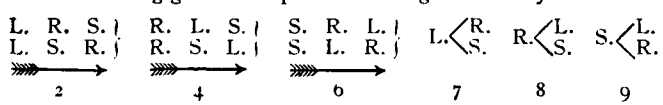
once let him down. Ivan Czarevitch put on the ring, and they disappeared immediately. Then he went to his kingdom, and reached the town where his father and brothers lived, took up his abode with an old woman, and enquired: "What news, my good woman, is there in our kingdom?" "What news, my young innocent? Why, our poor queen has been carried off by that brigand the Immortal Skeleton, and her three sons went in search of her; two found her and returned, but the third, Ivan Czarevitch, did not return, and no one knows where he is. The king is heartbroken about him. Now these princes and their mother brought home a king's daughter from somewhere or other, and the eldest wants to marry her as soon as possible, but she has sent him first here and then there for her wedding ring, or to get one made as she requires it: the crier has been round again and again, but no one has discovered it." "Go quickly," says the prince, "to the king, and say that you will make it. I guarantee that it be made." The old woman dressed herself in a few minutes, ran to the king and said: "Your royal majesty, I will make the wedding ring." "Make it, my good dame; we like good folks like you. But if you fail to make it,—your head on a pike." The old woman shook with fright, and went home to implore the prince to make the ring, but the prince was asleep, and she little thought that the ring was ready. He chaffed her; and the old woman, all of a tremble, wept and rated him. "Look at you!" she said. "Now you are out of it, while I, you blockhead, am threatened with immediate death." The old woman wept and wept, and then snoozed off. Ivan Czarevitch got up early the next morning, and awakened the old woman. "Rouse you, my good dame, hurry off, take the ring, and mark! do not accept more than a ducat for it. If they enquire who made the ring, say that you made it yourself; do not mention my name." The old woman was delighted, and took the ring: the bride fitted it on. "That," she said, "is what I want." They brought out a plate full of gold; the old woman only took one ducat. The king said: "Why, my good dame, do you take so little?" "Oh! that is more than enough for me, your royal majesty; if I need more later, no doubt you will give it me." So saying, the old woman took leave and retired.

But a short time elapsed when the news was brought that the bride had sent her husband for a suitable wedding dress, or to get what she wanted sewn for her. The old woman also this time (Ivan Czarevitch helping her) brought the required trousseau. Afterwards

she brought the unsewn shoes, and of the ducats took only one, and said, "These things I made myself." The people hear that on such and such a day is to be a wedding at the king's, and eagerly await the day. But Ivan Czarevitch said to the old woman, "Note when they bring the bride under the wreath, and let me know." The old woman did not let a moment slip by. Ivan Czarevitch at once donned royal robes, and came out. "Behold! good dame, such am I." The old woman stood before him exclaiming, "Batyushka, forgive me for rating you!" "God forgive you." They went to the church. His brother was not yet there. He stood in line with the bride: they were married, and he escorted her to the palace. On their way they met the elder brother, who, seeing his bride married to Ivan Czarevitch, turned back shamefaced. The father rejoiced over Ivan Czarevitch, was informed of the wickedness of the elder brothers, and as soon as the wedding festivities were over, he drove the elder brothers into banishment, and appointed Ivan Czarevitch his successor.

NOTE ON "THE IMMORTAL SKELETON."

This Great Russian story forms a link between the Servian story of the Prince and the Dragoness, on the one hand, and the primitive Lapp legend given by Mantegazza, the giant whose life was hid in an egg, on the other. In spite of the school of folk-loreists who, relying upon a false analogy in natural history, namely, the imitation by butterflies of different genera of a similar protective form, think that two similar fairy stories can be invented independently in different localities, the identity in the case of the three above-mentioned legends is so close that even the most perverse theorist could hardly believe them to have been evolved independently. If Mantegazza's view be correct, that the Lapp legend is prehistoric, one must suppose the Great Russian version to have been derived from it, and the Servian one again from the Great Russian, perhaps through connecting links. This is the natural and common-sense view of the relation between the stories, and is borne out by the fact that the Russian one is not only geographically but ethically a mean between the other two. In it, and still more in other Great Russian legends, there are abundant traces of early anthropophagy, which disappear in the less uncivilised Servian, while the Lapps are in full cannibalism. Assuming a nexus between the three stories, there are several possibilities. Both the Servian and the Russian legends may have been derived directly from the Lapp; the Lapp and Servian from the Russian; or the Lapp and Russian from the Servian. Lastly, the Lapp legend may have been derived through the Russian from the Servian. The following give all the possibilities diagrammatically:



If we take the Servian as the starting point, we have to explain how a modernised form of the legend, with no trace of cannibalism, blossomed into full cannibalism, in its transfer north, at a period when even Lapp and North Russian must be supposed to be fairly free of it; and the same difficulty occurs, though in a lesser degree, in assuming Russian to be the focus or starting point. In the Lapp story the allegorical meaning is obvious; the giant is the sunless winter night, and the egg is the sun: as soon as this is recovered the giant dies. We have the natural fact to explain the origin of the story. But no reasonable explanation of the story can be given on the assumption that it was hatched in Servia.

Not-all-There, or Blockhead Ivanek

(SILLY JOHNNY).

In a certain village lived a moujik and three sons: two were clever and the third—not all there. And when their father was very old, he called all three sons to him, and said to them: "My beloved children, I feel that I have not long to live, and when I die fulfil this, my last request. Each of you watch one night by my grave." His sons promised to fulfil his injunctions. Not long after this their father died, and his sons buried him with becoming solemnities. And now came the first night, when it was the duty of the eldest son to pass the night by the grave; but, as he was married, he said to his wife: "Give the blockhead a cake and let him go and watch by the grave in my place." His wife at once called the dullard: "There is a cake for you," she said. "Go and watch by the grave in the place of my husband." Blockhead Ivanek took the cake from his sister-in-law, and, shouldering his cudgel, went to his father's grave. Having come and sat some time there, our dullard saw his father rise from the grave, and addressed him: "From where, Batyoushka, hast thou arisen?" The father enquired in his turn: "Who is it has come to watch by my grave?" Not-all-There replied: "It is I, thy blockhead son." Then the father said: "Well, blockhead, as you have come to watch by my grave, I will recompense you handsomely for it." After this the old man whistled and shouted with a youthful shout and a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass." A horse galloped, earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire. The horse galloped to the spot and then stood before the old man as if rooted to the ground. And the old man said: "There, my beloved son, there is a horse for you with which you shall lord it as long as you live." After this he showed Not-all-There all the equipment, to wit, spear, club, and two-handed sword. Not-all-There, seeing such a beautiful steed, thanked his father. After this the old man sank back into the grave, and the blockhead sat by his grave all night. Next morning he went home,

and on his arrival his brothers enquired: "Well, Not-all-There—and where have you been?" "Where have I been, indeed!" replied the blockhead. "Why, to watch by father's grave." After this, when the day advanced and the second night came for the second brother to go and watch at the grave, he said to Not-all-There: "Go and spend the night for me at father's grave and I will give you a cake for your trouble." Our blockhead took the cake with pleasure, and seizing his cudgel went to the grave and, arrived there, seated himself for some time: at last, he saw his father rise from the grave. "Who is it has come to pass the night?" Not-all-There replied: "I, father, your poor blockhead son." Then the father replied: "If your brothers decline to come and watch for a single night at my grave, I will give you another horse still finer than the first one." After this the old man whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and with a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass!" The horse galloped, the earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire, and then stood before the old man as if rooted to the ground. "So, my beloved son, there is another horse for you, and when you have need of him whistle for him as I did." Our blockhead, seeing that the horse was better than the previous one, thanked his father. The old man now dismissed the horse, and soon after sank back in the grave. And when the night was past our dullard returned home; but on the third night, when it was his turn to watch, they did not give him a cake, but only a burnt crust of bread. Our blockhead took the crust, went to his father, and seated himself by the grave. After this he saw his father rise, who enquired: "Is it you, my blockhead, who have come to watch by my grave?" The blockhead replied that he it was. Then the old man said: "Well, my beloved son, as you have come to pass the night by my grave, so I will present you with the last horse." Then the old man whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and with a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass." The horse galloped, the earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire. And as soon as it had galloped to the spot, it stood there before the old man as if rooted to the ground. And the old man said: "Lo! there, my beloved son, is the third horse for you. Bid it do what seems good to you: only say nothing of all this to your brothers, my children." The dullard replied that he would tell them

nothing, and hereupon perceived that the horse was far and away superior to the other two. After this the old man took leave of his son in these words: "And, now, my beloved son, you will never see me again." So saying, the old man sank back into the grave, and Not-all-There, having sat through the night, returned home, and, arriving there, said nothing to his brothers of what had occurred. After this the brothers divided the paternal property: they shared it between themselves, and gave nothing to our dullard. He said: "What! is there nothing for me, then?" "Content yourself, Not-all-There, if we provide you with victuals." And so the blockhead lived in peace and amity with his two brothers.

Now, not far from the mansion where lived our dullard, was a town in which lived a king with three daughters, now of marriageable age. One day the king called his daughters to him and said: "My beloved daughters! you are now of marriageble age, and it is time you should think about wedlock." To which the daughters replied that they were agreeable to his orders, and the king said that he would leave the choice of husbands to them. Hereupon the youngest daughter said: "Most gracious lord and father, if you show us so great complaisance, and allow us to choose our husbands, order me a place of contest to be listed round, and on that place set up twelve garlands, and do you, my lord and father, send messengers to the different states to announce that all are to assemble there, and appoint the day when they are to assemble." The king loved his daughter, and did not refuse her request, had the place of contest listed round, and the twelve garlands duly erected there. After that he sent messengers to the different states with the announcement of the day when they were to assemble for the contest. The rumour soon spread through the town that kings and mighty potentates, and important embassies from other lands, were to assemble, and at last the rumour reached the mansion, where dwelt our dullard with his brothers. And so when the appointed day drew near, his brothers prepared to betake themselves to the town to see the various kings and potentates on horseback, at the place of contest, jump through those twelve garlands, which had been set up at the request of the youngest daughter of the king. And when our dullard saw his brothers preparing to ride off, he, seated above the stove, asked them: "Brothers, where are you going?" And his brothers replied that they were going to the town to see the different kings and potentates. Not-all-There then said: "Brothers,

take me, too, with you!" But they screamed in his face: "What would be the good of your coming, blockhead; what do you know? Or are we to take you instead of a scarecrow?" He said no more, and they made ready to ride to town. And when they had ridden off, our blockhead crept down from the stove and said to their good ladies: "Give me a basket; I want to go into the wood to gather mushrooms, as my brothers will not take me with them." She gave him a basket (*lit.* a basket of linden bark), and Not-all-There went into the wood for mushrooms. And when he had reached it, he detached the basket and hung it on a tree. Then he whistled and shouted with a youthful shout and a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass." The horse galloped, earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire; and, having galloped to the spot, it stood before Ivan, the dullard, as though rooted to the ground. After this Not-all-There crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into such a lovely youth, as no one ever imagined or conceived or even read of in fairy lore. And now he mounted his good steed and rode straight to the town, caught up his brothers, and shouted to them to get of his way. His brothers gave place to him at once, but he, as soon as he was alongside of them, began to thrash them with his riding whip. His brothers, with tears in their eyes, begged for mercy, adding that they were not conscious of having offended him in any way. But he retorted: why did they not get out of his way? And so, after beating them for some time, he rode away from them and entered the town. Then he rode to the place of contest, where were a multitude of kings and nobles, and the place was completely surrounded by barriers. The spectators, seeing such a handsome young nobleman, at once lowered the barriers and let him pass in. But when the kings and nobles beheld our dullard, all were astonished both at the horse and its rider, for such a horse was unknown among them, and no one had ever seen such a handsome youth as our dullard; all without ceasing busied themselves in watching him and in wondering from what state he hailed. But our dullard put on such a ferocious look that no one dared ask him any questions. And now the moment came for leaping through the twelve garlands; but no one was able to leap through more than three garlands. When, now, it came to the turn of our blockhead, he first rode his horse several times up and down the place of contest, and then cantered to the garlands and leapt through

them, but he only succeeded in leaping through six of them. All the same, the kings and magnates were immensely surprised at him. But our dullard, perceiving his insuccess, quitted the lists and hurried home at the top of his speed, and vanished from the sight of all. He galloped to the wood, dismounted, doffed his helmet and armour, unsaddled his horse, tied up saddle straps, and let it graze. Then he said: "There, my good steed, off and graze over the open fields and green meadows, and when I next have need of you be ready." After this he put on his clothes, and went through the wood to look for mushrooms; and as he gathered all sorts, he soon had his bark basket full, and took them home. The ladies, when they saw the mushrooms and perceived that they were only toadstools (*lit.* scripitsi-agarius extinctorius) and fly agarius, and, therefore, perfectly useless, were very angry with our dullard and said: "You booby, whatever did you collect such mushrooms for? Perhaps you'll eat them yourself." And they began to scold him. But our blockhead said to them: "Go and collect mushrooms for yourselves, and you will still complain." And now his brothers returned home and began to describe the multitude of kings and magnates they had seen, and what their horses were like, and after this they spoke of Not-all-There (for they did not recognise him when he beat them) and said: "And one magnate rode thither, in face most beautiful and dressed in the most costly apparel, and the horse under him also so magnificent that all were lost in wonder at it: and withal so proud and haughty was that magnate that he drubbed us right royally for not getting out of his way on the road." Not-all-There, seated above the stove, here remarked: "Yes, I gave it you pretty hot, didn't I, brothers!" His brothers shrieked at him: "Are you raving, you lunatic? This was an uncommonly handsome nobleman, with a very heavy fist to boot; but you, you booby, sit by the fire and say nothing, for somebody might hear you; then you will be put in chains, and we may get into trouble, too."

Afterwards, when this day had passed, the brothers were again setting off to town. Seeing this Not-all-There asked them: "Whither away, brothers?" And they replied: "We are going to town to see the concourse of kings and mighty potentates." Not-all-There begged them to take him, too, but they would not, and rode off alone. Not-all-There, after their departure, crept down from the stove, took his basket and went for mushrooms. After this he whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and with a mighty

whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass." The horse galloped, the earth shook, from his ears smoke in columns, from his nostrils puffed flames of fire; and when he had galloped to the spot he stood there as if rooted to the ground. Then our dullard crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into such a lovely youth, as no one dreamt or imagined, no story storied, no pen described. Then he mounted his horse and rode to town. And, as he rode very fast, he caught up his brothers, and shouted to them from afar to give him place. His brothers heard him shout and turned aside; but, as soon as he was alongside of them, he began to strike them with his riding whip, and having drubbed them right royally, he rode on to the town. After this he reached the place of contest: the barriers were at once lowered, and our dullard, as soon as he had ridden in, bowed with becoming gravity on all sides, and then took his place with the rest. And when the time came that they had to jump through the garlands, many of the noblemen began to ride about and to jump through the garlands, but not one could leap even through six garlands. And now came our blockhead's turn. He rode forth into the middle of the place of contest, paraded up and down several times, and leapt his horse through nine of them: but seeing that his horse had not leapt through all of them, he galloped swiftly off to the wood. Arrived at the wood, he unsaddled his horse, doffed his helmet and coat of mail, tethered his horse by the strap and let it graze. Then he put on his moujik's smock, and having taken down his bark basket from the tree, roved the wood in search of mushrooms, and, having collected all sorts, went home and gave them to his brothers' wives. They, seeing the mushrooms that our dullard had collected, began to scoff at him and said: "Perhaps you'll eat them yourself." Not-all-There said nothing, crept on to the stove and sat there. After this his brothers returned home and began to relate what a multitude of kings they had seen at the place of contest; but one nobleman there was quite young and with a horse—you never saw the like of it—and withal so proud and haughty was its rider that he drubbed us by the road for not getting out of his way quick enough. Not-all-There, seated above the stove, observed: "Yes! I gave it you hot, didn't I?" His brothers shrieked at him: "Why do you talk such nonsense? You will be put in chains, and get us into trouble as well."

Not-all-There held his tongue and sat all day on the stove.

On the third day his brothers again prepared to betake themselves to the town, and Not-all-There seeing it said: "Take me, too, with you, brothers." But they said: "What would be the good of taking you? Instead of a scarecrow, I suppose, and to make ourselves the laughing-stock of everybody." Dullard said nothing, but when they had ridden off, got down from the stove, took his bark basket and went to the wood for mushrooms; and, arrived at the wood, he took off the basket, hung it on a tree, and whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and with a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass!" The horse galloped, earth shook, from his ears smoke in a column, from his nostrils puffed flames of fire; and having galloped to the spot, he stood there as if rooted to the ground. After this, Not-all-There crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into so beautiful a youth as no one ever imagined or thought of, or story storied, or pen described. Then he donned his costly attire, mounted his horse, and rode off. And before reaching the town he caught up his brothers, and shouted to them to get out of his way and give place to him; and then, as soon as he was alongside of them, he slashed them with his riding whip without mercy. His brothers began to entreat him: "Have pity on us! have pity on us! my lord; why are you beating us? we have done nothing." Not-all-There replied: "Why did you not move out of my way the moment I shouted to you?" And thrashed them unmercifully, as long as he pleased. After this he left them and rode on to the town, and reached the place of contest, bowed to the kings and other potent magnates, and took his place among them; and they, when they saw our dullard ride up, could not sufficiently admire the horse; and seeing the rider so exceptionally handsome, all longed to know from what state he hailed. But as he spoke with no one, no one dared ride up and question him. After this, when the appointed time came, all the nobles began to ride forth and leapt through the garlands; but of all these magnates not one could leap through more than nine garlands. Finally came the turn of our dullard: he first paraded a few times up and down the place of contest; then he rode up to the twelve garlands; his horse champed and then leapt through all twelve, straight to the princess herself, for she sat there and watched all the kings and nobles. And when Not-all-There leapt through all the twelve garlands, the princess stamped his brow with her signet ring, and this made a star to appear on his forehead, which

diffused a brilliant light (*lit.* immeasurable radiance). That instant Not-all-There galloped back to his house, after which all the kings and nobles applauded him. Finally, the king's youngest daughter quitted the twelve garlands, and the king said to her: "My beloved daughter, now thou hast obtained thy desire; but where will you find this superbly handsome husband? No one knows from what state he hails. Besides, he may be already married. And so, my beloved daughter, it is better that I choose you a consort from the princes here assembled, as your sisters have already done for themselves." But his youngest daughter replied: "Most gracious lord and father, having allowed us to select our husbands of our own free will, I pray you not to constrain me now to wedlock."

While this was proceeding in the town, our dullard rode straight off from the place of contest to the wood, leapt from his good steed, doffed his helmet and coat of mail, unsaddled his steed and let it graze; and, himself having his moujik's smock, roved the wood in search of mushrooms, and, as he took all sorts that he chanced upon, he had in no time collected a basketful, bound a handkerchief over his forehead, that they should not see the seal imprinted there, and went home. Arrived there, he handed over the mushrooms he had collected to his brothers' wives, but, seeing what they were, they began to upbraid him for collecting such rubbish, but Not-all-There said nothing and crept on to the stove. Meanwhile, his brothers rode home from the town and began to praise the various kings there, and afterwards, they said, rode up a nobleman excessively handsome, and with a magnificent horse so that all were astonished at him; but withal so proud and haughty that he thrashed us three times without mercy on the high road. Dullard, seated on the stove, remarked: "Yes! didn't I give it you?" The brothers shrieked at him: "What raving is this, booby?" After this, when the brothers prepared to dine, Not-all-There unbound his brow and illuminated all the chamber with the star imprinted on it. The brothers shrieked at him: "What are you doing, Not-all-There?" And he replied: "Nothing." And this was repeated several times.

In the town, at the king's was much gaiety, for at that time they prepared the marriage festivities of his two daughters; and after these festivities, all the kings and nobles departed to their respective territories. After their departure, the youngest daughter of the king implored her father to publish throughout all his territory a notice, convoking all ministers and sons of ministers at his court, for the

princess thought that she might find her destined spouse among them. The king, who loved his daughter, despatched the edict, and the ministers, on the appointed day, assembled and were feasted at the court, but she could not find her destined spouse. And so she further begged her father that the same should be ordered for all common people, that lodgings be assigned them, and a feast prepared. "For at your palace, my lord and father, is plenty of accommodation, so that all can well dwell for the appointed time." Further, she said: "Who can tell, my lord and father? It may be my destined spouse is of humble birth; he may even be concealed among the serfs" (*lit.* blacks). For a long time the king would not accede to her request, but at last he agreed and published an edict throughout all his territory that all the serfs and subordinate classes were to assemble together at an appointed date. And when the announcement reached the house where our dullard dwelt, his brothers prepared to ride off into the town. Not-all-There now began to implore them to take him with them; but they did not at all wish to do so. Then their wives began to implore them to take him with them. But the brothers said: "Dear me! if we take him with us, and he begins to chatter some of his nonsense there!" Dullard on this promised that he would not attempt to say anything. And so the brothers agreed to take him with them. And, at last, when they were fully prepared, they took our dullard and rode off to the town. And having reached it, they were put up in quarters expressly prepared for the purpose. And when the appointed day arrived, and an immense number of serfs and subordinate classes were collected together, there a dinner was also served them; and when they were all seated at table, and after the entertainment, the youngest daughter of the king prepared to bring them each a posset; and when she came to the table where our dullard sat, she poured out a drink for all, and finally for the dullard; and when she offered him the brimmer and saw that he had his head bound with a handkerchief, she enquired of him: "Why have your head thus bound up?" Not-all-There replied: "If you please, miss, I went to the wood for mushrooms, fell and bruised my forehead." The princess did not believe, and said: "Undo the bandage; I want to see." Not-all-There knew not what to do, but stubbornly refused to unbind it. The princess ordered him to unbind it, and so, at last, Not-all-There was obliged to undo the handkerchief; and when he had unbound it, he flooded the whole palace with light. The princess at once bade him

come away from table, swabbed him down with a cloth, and took him to the king. And having led him there, she said: "Most gracious lord and father, there is my husband whom I have found." The king looked at Not-all-There, was very much surprised, and said: "My dear, dear, daughter, you perceive that he is—ahem—not all there, whereas the other was a young and very handsome nobleman." But the princess maintained that he was the very one that had ridden to the place of contest, and begged her father to let her be the wife of Not-all-There. The king did all he could to dissuade his daughter, but in vain, and so was obliged to give her in wedlock to Not-all-There. And when the wedding was over, the king had private rooms prepared, and told his daughter that her husband must never appear in his presence. And so his youngest daughter lived in these chambers with Not-all-There for some time.

After this the king heard that in his forbidden meadows a golden-horned stag roved, and on each of its horns a trumpeter trumpeted. The king, wishing to possess such a wonderful stag, said to his sons-in-law: "My beloved sons-in-law, do me the favour to catch the golden-horned stag that roves my forbidden meadows." His sons-in-law, not wishing to disappoint him, bade saddle their two best horses, and when they were saddled the two princes took leave of their wives and rode off to the forbidden meadows. The youngest daughter of the king went to her chambers and said to Not-all-There: "Why do you sit there and know nothing? The two sons-in-law of my papa have ridden off to the forbidden meadows to find the stag with the golden horns, and there you sit!" Not-all-There replied: "How should I know? Go and get your papa to give me any broken-down old hack." His wife went to her father, and said: "Most gracious lord and father, be pleased to give my husband any broken-down old screw. It may be that he, with his good luck, will catch the stag that you desire." The king ordered them to give him a sorry nag. After this the princess went to Not-all-There, and said to him: "Ride forth; I have begged a steed for you from papa." Not-all-There stepped out upon the perron and saw that they were saddling it for him; this he forbade them to do, mounted without a saddle, and rode off into the field. And having ridden two versts from the town, he dismounted from his hack, seized it by the tail, stripped off its hide, flung it in the field, and said: "Lo! crows and ravens, here is a fine feast for you from the king!" After this, he whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and with a

mighty whistling. "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass." The horse galloped, the earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire; and having galloped to the spot, it stood there as if rooted to the ground. Not-all-There crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into such a beautiful youth as no one ever dreamed or imagined, or story storied or pen described. After this he laid a Circassian saddle on the steed, Bokhara girths, twelve girthings with silken strands from the Caucasus—silk that never rent, steel that never bent, gold of Araby that no mud could tarnish; and when Ivanushka the dullard had mounted the steed, he bounded like a bird over the forbidden meadows. In a short time he had found the stag with the golden horns, and caught it. After this he bound it by the horns and brought it to the road, where he pitched a canvas tent, tethered his horse and the stag, and himself lay down to rest. The two princes had ridden all over the fields without finding the stag anywhere, and were now returning home, lost in reflection as to what they should bring the king, as they could not catch the stag.

And as they rode along the road where the tent was, there they saw the stag, tethered by the tent, and said to one another: "Look! do you see, brother, it is the tent of that nobleman who rode to the place of contest. Look, there is the very stag tethered! Let us go to him and beg him, as a favour, to give us the stag for any price he may be pleased to ask." And the other, having readily consented, they rode to the tent, and, having taken off their hats, entered the tent, and making a profound bow to Not-all-There, said: "My gracious lord, we have come to you to buy your stag." Not-all-There replied: "I would gladly have sold it you, but when I went out to hunt it I promised not to sell it under a vow." Then the princes asked what the vow might be. Not-all-There said the vow was a trifling one: only their big toes of each foot; adding that as he was from a distant territory, no one would discover that they had not caught the stag themselves. The princes did not the least recognise him, but imagined that he had ridden from some distant region; and so, desiring to please the king, their father-in-law, they agreed to give him their toes. And so they unshod, and Not-all-There cut off their big toes. After this they put their shoes on, and taking the stag with them, rode off to their native territory. After their departure, Not-all-There folded his tent, put the big toes in his wallet, and

mounting his steed rode off to the place where he had flung the royal hack, and coming to the place, dismounted from his horse, and let it graze. Then, perceiving that over the carrion hovered a multitude of crows and ravens, he seized his cudgel, flung it at them, and having wounded a quantity of them, bound them, hide and all, with a cord, and dragged them all together to the court. And as at the king's there was great festivity, because his sons-in-law had brought the stag, Not-all-There went up to the windows and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Most gracious lord, you deigned to present me with a charger, but it was not to my liking, so I have brought you its hide, as well as some choice game for your festivities. The king and his two daughters laughed at him, but it was no laughing matter for the two princes, for their severed toes gave them great pain; and Not-all-There, flinging down the game, went to his chambers. After this, his wife came and told him how her sisters laughed at her for marrying him, but Not-all-There replied: "Let them laugh; the time will come when the laugh will be all on your side."

Soon after this the king was further informed that in his forbidden meadows roved a sow with golden bristles and twelve little porkers. He called his two sons-in-law to him, and said to them: "My beloved sons-in-law! if you love me, ride off to the forbidden meadows and catch the sow with the golden bristles and her twelve little piggies." The sons-in-law did not wish to disobey him; bade saddle their two riding horses and rode off after the sow. The princess came to Not-all-There: "Why do you sit at home? My papa has sent his sons-in-law for a sow in the forbidden meadows; ride off, too; maybe, with your good luck, you will catch it." Not-all-There replied: "And what am I to ride off on?" The princess went to her father and proceeded to beg a horse for Not-all-There. The king said: "My beloved daughter, I do not grudge the horse, but only that you are made the laughing-stock of everybody." But his daughter replied: "Most gracious lord and father, let laugh who will!" The king could not refuse her urgent request, and ordered a horse to be given her; and when Not-all-There learnt that a horse had been sent him, he forbade it to be saddled and rode off. After this he paraded all the town, and, arrived at the field, stripped off its hide, flung it on the field and cried: "Look! you crows and ravens, what a feast our lord the king has provided you." Then he whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and with a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan! stand before me as the

leaf before the grass." The horse galloped, the earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire; it galloped up to the spot, and stood there as if rooted to the ground. Ivanushka, the dullard, crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into such a lovely youth as none dreamt or imagined or story storied or pen described. Then he saddled his horse, mounted and rode off over the open field and to the forbidden meadows, and had soon caught the sow with the golden bristles and the twelve little porkers, and brought them away with him. After this he rode back to the highway, pitched his canvas tent, tethered his horse and the sow, and the little pigs did not then run very far from their mother. Not-all-There now lay down to rest in his tent; and, when the two sons-in-law who had been sent out could not find the sow anywhere, returning home, they, too, rode along the road where stood the tent of Ivanushka, the dullard, and saw the sow, and one of them said to the other: "Look, brother! there is that nobleman again of whom we bought the stag; let us go to him and ask him to sell us the sow and little ones." So they both agreed and rode up to the tent. And when they reached it, they dismounted, entered the tent, took off their hats, and bowing to him they begged him politely to sell them his sow. But Not-all-There said that the sow was not on sale, but the subject of a vow. The princes asked what the vow was. Not-all-There replied: "Thumbs off hands." Then they were at their wits' ends to know what to do, but desired to please the king. Not-all-There then suggested that they might wear gloves at court; and if the king asked why they were gloved at court, they might say that their hands pained them; and, finally, he persuaded them to give him their thumbs. Not-all-There cut off their thumbs and handed over the sow with the golden bristles and the twelve little piggies. The princes rode off, and Not-all-There, after their departure, folded his tent, put the thumbs in his wallet, and rode off to the place where he had flung the royal charger. And when he had reached the place, he dismounted and let his horse graze; then he saw above the carcase a host of crows and ravens, and, seizing his cudgel, knocked over an immense quantity, bound them together with a cord, and took them and the hide with him; and so off to court. And when he arrived there, in the court, at the king's, were great festivities and an immense quantity of ministers; so Not-all-There shouted: "See! your most gracious highness, what a precious nag you gave me, not

fit to carry me back to town, so I have brought you its hide and some highly seasoned game for your dinner party." So saying, Not-all-There returned to his chambers. After this came the princess, and related how her sisters made fun of her. Not-all-There said: "Let them laugh; the time will come when the laugh will be on your side."

After this some time elapsed, and the king again called his two sons-in-law and said to them: "There is, beyond the thirty lands, in the thirtieth kingdom, in the territory of the sun, a fir tree all of gold, and boughs of frosted silver, and on it sit birds of paradise and sing celestial songs, and whoever wishes to possess such a fir tree has but to pluck a branch from it, bring it to his territory, plant it, and the next day it will be a fir tree like the one in the thirtieth kingdom. Prithee, my beloved sons-in-law, do me this favour: bring me the required fir tree, for which I will reward you with half of my kingdom." His sons-in-law, desirous of obtaining half of his inheritance, and besides not wishing to disobey him, bade saddle their two riding horses, and taking leave of their wives and the king, sallied forth on the journey.

After this, Not-all-There's princess came to his room and related to him how the king, her father, had sent his two sons-in-law to the thirtieth kingdom, beyond the thirty regions, to the territory of the sun, for a fir tree, and what he had promised them in compensation. Not-all-There said to her: "Go, and beg me of the king any good-for-nothing hack." The princess went to her father, and, presenting herself, said: "Most gracious lord and father, be pleased to allow my dullard any good-for-nothing hack." The king said, smiling: "My beloved daughter, this dullard of yours wants to empty my court of all its fine steeds." But his daughter replied: "Most beloved parent, I ask you for the last time." The king could not any longer refuse her urgent request, and bade give Not-all-There a horse; then the princess thanked her father, went to Not-all-There's room, and told him that she had succeeded in begging a horse for him. As soon as Not-all-There heard this, he went out upon the perron and bade them lead the horse thither; but when they prepared to saddle it, he forbade it, and rode off to the field bare-back.

Having passed the city gates, he leapt off his steed, seized it by the tail, stripped off its hide, and flung it on the field, exclaiming: "See! crows and ravens, what a fine feast the king has sent you." After this he whistled and shouted with a youthful voice and a

mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass!" The horse galloped, the earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire; and having galloped to the spot, it stood there as if rooted to the ground. Not-all-There crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into such a lovely youth as none ever dreamt or thought of. After this he laid on his steed a Circassian saddle, girthed it with a Bokhara girth, formed of twelve strands of silk of Caucasian, silk that rent not, steel that bent not, gold of Araby that no mud could tarnish. And having saddled his steed, he mounted, flicked it over the steep haunches, and pierced the black flesh to the white bones; the horse champed with rage, rose from the ground, soared high above the standing forests, below scudding cloud, left hills and dales between its feet, and swept the brooks with its tail. And so he rode, by highway and byway, far and near, and at last reached the desired territory, and then rode straight into the garden where stood the fir tree. And having entered the garden, he saw that wonderfully noble pine, and going up to it, he broke off a branch; after this he saw, hard by it, two springs in which were living and dead water, and filled with these waters two flasks which he had with him in his wallet. After this, without delay, he quitted the garden. Then he mounted his horse again, and rode at full speed to his own country; far and wide he rode, by highways and byways: 'tis soon related, not soon done. Finally he reached it, and, without riding to the town, stopped and pitched his canvas tent by the high road, and placing the fir branch by his tent, himself lay down to rest.

And when the two princes, the king's sons-in-law, had ridden hither and thither, and obtained nothing, they, too, returned to their native land, and, riding along the high road where his tent was, they saw the fir tree planted beside it, and as they greatly desired to possess what the king had sent them to obtain, they agreed to present themselves at the tent; rode thither, dismounted, took off their hats, entered the tent and bowed low; then they said: "Most gracious master! we come to ask you whether you would not sell us that wonderfully noble pine tree which is planted beside your tent." But Not-all-There said to them that he could not sell it, as it was subject to a vow. The princes asked what the vow was. Not-all-There said the vow was a mere trifle—only to be allowed to cut off a strip of skin from down their backs. The princes hearing of such a condition,

became very pensive, and did not know what to do. But as they greatly desired to please the king and to obtain the reputation of having got him everything, the princes finally agreed and stripped. Not-all-There cut a strip of skin off each one and put the two strips in his wallet; and after that gave them the fir branch. The princes took it and rode off to the town, and, arrived there, presented the king with the fir bough. The king was highly delighted to possess such a treasure, and had a grand banquet prepared, to which many ministers were invited; and at the time that all these festivities were being held at court, Not-all-There folded his tent, rode towards the city, and reached the spot where lay the horse that had been given him by the king; and when he saw the immense quantity of crows and ravens perched upon it, he seized his cudgel, flung it at them, and knocked over a great number of them. After this he bound them together on a string, took with him the hide from the dead horse, and went his way to court. The king on seeing Not-all-There burst out laughing, but he said to the king: "Most gracious lord and master! you presented me with a mare, but it would not carry me back to you and to court, so here is the skin, not to mention the choice game I have brought for your festivities." So saying, he flung them the string of crows and ravens, and himself retired to his chambers. After this the princess came to him and related how they all made fun of her, but particularly her sisters. Not-all-There replied: "Patience, the time will soon come when the laugh will be on your side."

After this some time elapsed, when Not-all-There said one day to the princess: "To-morrow array yourself in your most costly robes." The princess enquired why she should so array herself. Not-all-There would not tell her anything, but merely repeated that she was to put on her best things. And when the day came, Not-all-There sallied forth from court, and having left the city behind him, whistled and shouted with a youthful shout and a mighty whistling: "Dapple grey, chestnut brown, magic roan, stand before me as the leaf before the grass." The horse galloped, the earth shook, from its ears smoke in columns, from its nostrils puffed flames of fire; and having galloped to the spot, it stood there as if rooted to the ground. Not-all-There crept in at one ear and out at the other, and was transformed into a youth such as no one ever dreamed or imagined, or pen described. After this he mounted his steed and rode off to the town. Just then, at the king's, there was a grand

court banquet, and a multitude of ministers with him. As soon as Not-all-There rode to town and presented himself at court, the king came out to meet him with his two sons-in-law and many ministers. After this he invited Not-all-There to his own oaken table, to choice sweetmeats and beverages of mead, and they began to drink at table, eat and make merry.

After this, when all the guests had made merry to their hearts' content, they began to converse, and as Not-all-There sat next the king, he thus addressed him: "Most gracious lord and master, I have heard that you have three daughters and that all of them are married. I see two of your sons-in-law, but not the third." The king replied: "My dear friend, between ourselves, my youngest daughter chose as a husband a man who is not all there; so, for shame, I bade him keep his room." Not-all-There, without alluding to himself said: "Most gracious lord and master! I expressly came to your dominion to marry your youngest daughter myself." The king, on hearing this, was highly delighted, and said that he would have Not-all-There banished from his dominions. But the other meanwhile had risen from his place, and said: "Most gracious lord and master, you would for my sake banish from your dominions this Not-all-There, your youngest daughter's husband; but, first, find out who I am!" The king looked at him a long time, but quite failed to recognise him, and, indeed, it was impossible for him to do so, for now he was tricked out in helmet and coat of mail, to say nothing of his very handsome phiz. And as no one could recognise him, Not-all-There said to the king: "Recognise in me, most gracious lord and master, your youngest son-in-law." The king hearing that was greatly delighted, and began to kiss him fondly; after this his young spouse entered, whom he embraced with rapture. And as the two princes had their hands in gloves, Not-all-There said to the king: "Most gracious lord and master, be pleased to ask why your respected sons-in-law sit at table gloved." The king replied that their hands pained them; and Not-all-There then said that he was a clever physician. Then he begged the king to order them to take their gloves off. The king ordered them to do so; for a long time they tried to evade doing so, but in the end were constrained to take them off. And when they had taken them off, all could see that they had no thumbs to their hands. The king enquired what had become of their thumbs. The princes did not know what answer to give; but Not-all-There answered for them: "Most gracious lord

and master, I can tell you why their thumbs are not all there." So saying, he, then and there, drew them out of his pouch and showed them to the king. "Here are their thumbs which they gave me for the sow with the golden bristles."

After this Ivan, the dullard, begged the king to order them to unshoe. The king did so at once, and everyone thereupon perceived that they had no big toes to their feet. Ivan, the dullard, then showed him their toes, and said to the king: "Most gracious lord and master! look, here are their big toes which they gave me for the stag with the golden horns." After this he begged the king to order them to unstrip. The king did so, and when his sons-in-law had stripped, Ivan, the dullard, pointed out to the king that a strip of skin was also wanting down their backs, and said to the king: "Most gracious lord! look, here are the two strips." And so saying, he drew them out of his wallet. On seeing this the king was very angry; but Ivan, the dullard, drew out of his wallet the two flasks in which were dead and living water, and taking the two strips of skin, laid them on their respective spines, sprinkled them with dead water, and they adhered. And when they had been sprinkled with living water, there was not a sign to show where they had been cut out. After this he took the big toes, fitted them to the feet, sprinkled them with dead and living water, the big toes adhered, and there was not a trace to show where they had been cut off. After this, he also fitted the thumbs to their hands by means of the dead and living waters. And when the princes were healed, they fell before Ivan, the dullard, thanked him, and, furthermore, asked his forgiveness for having in the past unwittingly made fun of him. Ivan, the dullard, magnaminously forgave them everything, and the king prepared a grand banquet at court, to which all the ministers were invited, and there were great festivities. And after this Ivan, the dullard, with his princess, ruled happily over that territory, and the king sent back his two sons-in-law to their own country.

[Here the Arctic weather cycle has been modernised and apparently employed as a vehicle for not a little sly rustic satire against the tyrants of Russia and their corrupt misrule.]

Ilya Muromets and the Brigand Nightingale.

In the township of Murom, and in the village of Karacharov, there lived a peasant, Ivan Timotheyvitch. He had a favourite child, Ilya Muromets. Ilya squatted about in childish fashion for thirty years, and when the thirtieth year had elapsed he began to walk firmly on his feet, and felt in himself a mighty prowess. Then he prepared himself a warlike equipment, and spears of steel, clapped a saddle on his good and noble steed, went to his father and mother and implored their blessing: "Father and mother, master and mistress mine, let me go and offer prayers to God in the glorious city of Kiev, and do reverence to the prince of Kiev." His father and mother gave him their blessing, laid upon him important injunctions, and spake as follows: "Ride straight to Kiev, then straight to the city of Chernigov, and dine not by the way nor shed Christian blood." Ilya Muromets received his father and mother's benediction, offered a prayer to God, took leave of his parents and sallied forth.

And after journeying through dark woods, he came at length to a brigands' camp; and these brigands saw Ilya Muromets, and in their brigands' heart took stock of his noble steed, and counselled together how they might filch that good horse, and how such a horse had never been seen in those parts, and how that it was a shame some nobody should bestride such a precious animal. Some ten or twelve fellows were set on Ilya Muromets. Then Ilya Muromets reined up that noble steed of his, and from his quiver drew a tempered arrow, and laid on his doughty bow. He shot the tempered arrow along the ground, and the arrow wrought havoc over a distance of three fathoms. And seeing that, the brigands were flabbergasted, collected in a circle, fell on their knees and cried: "You are our lord and father, good and stalwart youth; we have sinned before you, and for our sin levy such a fine as you think proper; take dyed stuffs and a troop of horses, as many as you desire." Ilya laughed, and said: "Give me nothing; but if you want to save your lives, beware how you venture in future." And he continued his journey to the glorious city of Kiev.

He rode down to the walls of Chernigov, and under its walls stood the Moslem army, a countless host, and besieged the town of Chernigov and hoped to sack it, and reduce to ashes the church of God, and take the duke and prince himself prisoner. Even Ilya Muromets was disconcerted at such a mighty force; however, he relied upon the will of the Lord God, his Creator, and was ready to lay down his life for his Christian faith. And Ilya Muromets began to conquer the Moslem force with his spear of steel, and subdued the whole pagan power, and took prisoner the Moslem prince, and led him prisoner into the city of Chernigov. The citizens came out in pomp to meet him, the prince and duke of Chernigov himself came out, welcomed the good young man with due honour, and addressed their thanks to the Lord God for having sent their ill-fated city a deliverer, and for not allowing it to be completely devastated by that Moslem host. Finally they conducted him to the palace, prepared a sumptuous banquet, and sent him on his way.

Ilya Muromets took the direct route from Chernigov to Kiev town, which road the Brigand Nightingale had blocked for just thirty years, nor let pass rider nor pedestrian, but killed them—not with weapons, but by his brigand whistling. [A sort of aggravated Russian Richard Strauss?] Ilya Muromets rode out into the open field, and saw traces of the mighty steps, followed them, and reached those Bryansk woods, and that marshy swamp, and that white hazel-tree bridge, over the river Smorodinka. The Brigand Nightingale* had a presentiment of his approaching end and of a great misfortune, so before Ilya was twenty versts off he whistled with all his brigand might, as hard as he could, but the mighty heart quailed not. And before he was ten versts off, our brigand whistled again, so thunderously, that at that whistling Ilya Muromets' horse stumbled under him. Ilya Muromets now rode close under the very nest, which hung from twelve oak trees; and the Brigand Nightingale, seated on his nest, saw the mighty Russian hero and whistled away a whole gamut of whistles, and did all he could to whistle Ilya Muromets to kingdom come.

Ilya Muromets unstrung his doughty bow, laid a tempered arrow on it, and let fly at the Nightingale's nest, struck him in the right eye and wounded him. The Brigand Nightingale rolled from the nest like a sheaf of corn. Ilya Muromets took the Brigand Nightin-

* Observe the similarity between this story with its tempered bridge and the dragon in Pachatsegaroshek.

gale, fastened him to a steel stirrup, and rode on to the glorious city of Kiev. By the road stood the Brigand's palace, and when Ilya Muromets passed opposite this palace, the windows of which were open, the three daughters of the Brigand looked out of the windows, and the youngest daughter saw him and exclaimed to her sisters: "See, our father is riding home with his booty, and is bringing us a moujik fastened to a steel stirrup." But the eldest daughter then took a look, and, weeping bitterly, exclaimed: "It is not our papa who is on horseback; but some strange man who is leading poor papa prisoner." And they implored their husbands: "Dear, dear husbands, ride and meet that moujik and set poor papa free again, nor leave our family in such dire disgrace." Their husbands, puissant heroes, rode to meet the mighty Russian chief; good were their horses, sharp their spears; fain would they have spitted him on the latter. The Brigand Nightingale saw them and warned them: "My dear, good sons-in-law, provoke not such a puissant chieftain, lest all of us suffer death at his hands; better request him humbly to quaff in my house a cup of new wine" (*lit.* green). At the sons-in-law's request, Ilya turned to enter the house, not suspecting their villainy. The eldest daughter pulled an iron door stay from its socket, and tried to floor him with it. But Ilya Murovets observed her at the door, ran his spear through her and wounded her mortally.

Having reached Kiev, our hero rode straight to the prince's estate, and entered the palace of white stone, prayed to God and knelt to the prince. The prince enquired: "Tell me, good young man, what your name may be and what is your native city?" And answer made the bold Sir Muromets: "My name, Sire, is Ilyushka (dim); my father's name Ivan, born in the township of Murom, and the village of Karacharov." The prince asked: "What road did you take from Murom?" "By Chernigov town, and under the walls of Chernigov I beat the forces of the Moslems, which are without number, and freed Chernigov; from there I rode by the direct route and took prisoner that formidable chieftain, the Brigand Nightingale, and have brought him with me fastened to a steel stirrup." The prince, in a towering rage, said: "Don't try and come it over me, young man!" At these words the noble Alesha Popovitch and Dobrina Nikititch cast a glance, and, seeing how it all was, assured the prince that it was as the good young man had said. The prince ordered to offer the good fellow a cup of wine, and then desired to

hear a performance of Brigand Nightingale music. Ilya muffled the prince and princess in a sable skin, packed them under his armpit, called the Nightingale and ordered a nocturne—but to draw it mild. The Brigand Nightingale gave 'em a Brigand Nightingale's solo, with such effect that these distinguished personages fell to the ground as deaf as two herrings. And after that Ilya Muromets put him to death.

Ilya Muromets now took Dobrina Nikititch as his bosom chum. They saddled their good steeds, and roved about anywhere: in fact they rode three months without encountering a combatant worthy of their prowess. At last, riding along the open country, they met a strolling palmer; his rags weighed fifty poods, his hat nine, and his staff was nine (Russian) fathoms long (sixty-three feet). Ilya Muromets prepared to set his horse on him, and wanted to try his lordly might upon him. The strolling minstrel recognised Ilya Muromets and exclaimed: "Why, 'tis Ilya Muromets, by Jove! Don't you remember the hash we made of our grammar at school together? and now you want to take pot-shots at a poor cripple like me, as though I were an enemy. And all the while you know nothing of what a pickle they are in at Kiev. Big Idol, an incredibly puissant monster, has swooped down on them, his head in a beer barrel, a fathom from shoulder to shoulder, an ell between his eyebrows, a tempered arrow between his ears, he eats my oxen whole, and drinks by jorums; the Prince of Kiev is deeply concerned at your quitting him in this quandary." Ilya dressed himself in the minstrel's togs, hastened straight to the prince's palace, and cried in a mighty voice: "Ho! there, Prince of Kiev! have pity on me, a poor strolling minstrel." The prince recognised him and said: "Come to me in the palace, minstrel; I will give you good food and drink and a purse of money for the way." And so the minstrel entered the palace and stood by the stove, spying about him suspiciously. Big Idol begged to be served his dinner. They brought him an ox roasted whole, and he ate it, bones and all. Big Idol demanded his liquor: they brought him a jorum, borne on the shoulders of twelve men, and he took it by the ears and drank it all off. Ilya Muromets remarked: "At my papa's we had a mare, a regular glutton she was, too, and she gorged herself to death." Big Idol wouldn't stand personal remarks and said: "Oh; it's you, you strolling minstrel, is it? Do you think to spit me? Why, I could snap you between my fingers like a cracker. You, indeed! Why, if Ilya

Murovets were here with you, I'd punch his head for him as well." "Here I am, you buffer," replied Ilya; took off his hat, and struck him quietly on the head with it—driving that head through the wall of the palace. Then he took the trunk (Big Idol's) and flung it after the head. For this exploit the prince loaded our good young man with orders, and enrolled him among the most select nobles of the realm.

[I have slightly burlesqued this stupid and incoherent story, but I am not sure that the original writer is not slily poking fun at the pompous and brutal Russian upper classes.]

The Snow Maiden.

THERE once lived a Christian couple, Ivan and his wife, Maria ; but they had no children. Ivan and Maria lived in love and concord ; and so grew old ; but no child, alas ! was theirs. Bitterly they regretted this, and only felt some consolation at the sight of other people's children. But what was to be done ? Such was evidently the sentence of God in their case. See, from this, that in our world, all is fashioned by God's decree and not by our feeble intelligence.

Well, once, when winter had come, and the fresh snow fell knee deep, the children ran out on to the street to play, and our old couple sat by the window to watch them. The children ran to and fro, played various pranks, and then set to work to make a snow man. Ivan and Maria looked on silently, full of melancholy reflections. All at once Ivan smiled and said : " Wife, why shouldn't we make a snow man, too ? " Evidently this idea tickled Maria's fancy. " The idea ! " she said, " to go and play the fool in our old age. And, besides, why make a snow man, a mere copy of ourselves ? Far better make of snow a child such as the Lord God did not favour us with." " The very thing ! " exclaimed Ivan ; took his hat and went with the wife of his old age to the garden.

And, in fact, they set to work to make a snow baby—a girl's figure of snow. First they form the small trunk with hands and feet ; put on the top of it a rounded ball of snow and smoothed it down to a small head.

" God help you ! " said some passer-by. " Our humble thanks ! " said Ivan. " God's help stands ever in good stead," added Maria.

" What on earth are you about ? " " Why, you see what we are about," said Ivan. " Making a snow maiden," added Maria, laughing.

And so they stuck a small nose and a small chin on ; made two small depressions in the forehead ; and then Ivan traced the small mouth, and all at once, from it, a warm breath seemed to fall. Ivan hastily drew back his hands ; and now observed that the depression in the forehead bulged, and a pair of dove-like little eyes blinked out of them ; the small mouth, too, was like a raspberry, and wreathed in a tiny smile. " But this is witchcraft ; Lord help us," said Ivan, and crossed himself.

And the child bowed with its small head, and struggled with its small hands and feet in the snow, just like a suckling child in swaddling clothes.

"Oh, Ivan! Ivan!" exclaimed Maria, trembling with delight; "and so, God has given us a child at last!" And rushed to embrace her snow maiden; and now all the snow rolled off, like a shell from an egg, and Maria held in her hands, in real earnest, a living baby.

Ivan, at such a miracle, with difficulty retained his wits, and Maria forgot everything from rapture.

And so Snowdrop, for so they called her, grew not by days but by hours, and every day more beautiful. And were not Ivan and Maria delighted at it! Things went merrily at their house. The children from the whole village flocked there to play with the old people's child, and dandled it and tricked it out, as though it were a doll, talked with it, sang songs to it, played all sorts of games with it, and taught it all they knew themselves. And when winter was over the child had grown to be a girl, as of thirteen summers, understood everything, talked of what you please, and in such a sweet voice that it enchanted everybody. And she was so good, so obedient, and in everything so adorable. And in person—she was white as snow, with eyes like small forget-me-nots and light flaxen hair down to her waist. Only not a trace of roses had she in her cheeks, just as if there were no living blood in her body, but in spite of this she was so good and comely that one could not tear his eyes away. And in her play, so amusing and amiable that it did one's heart good. And didn't all heap love on little Snowdrop! And wasn't Maria beside herself for happiness. "Oh, Ivan!" she was used to say, "God has given us joy in our old age, and cancelled the affliction of my soul!" And Ivan replied: "Blessings to the Lord Most High! here joy is not eternal, and sorrow is but for a moment."

The winter was over. Joyfully sported in the heavens the sun of spring time, and the earth grew warm again. Green grew the grass on the thawed patches; in the sky above the lark carolled. And now pretty girls collected in a ring danced and chanted below the village:

Lovely spring!
On what borne hither?
On baby plough! on baby harrow!

But Snowdrop began to pine. "What is the matter with you, my

darling?" exclaimed Maria more than once, and drew her fondly to herself. "You are not ailing? No wicked man has cast an evil eye on thee?" And Snowdrop answered: "It is nothing, mother mine; I am strong and well."

And lo! spring, with its warm rays, chased away the last remnant of the snow. Blossomed gardens and meadows; sang the nightingale, and all the songsters of the grove; everything in God's divine wonder-world began to live and enjoy itself. But now Snowdrop, in very earnest, began to pine and droop; avoided the other children, and always sheltered herself from the sun in the shadow, just like a lily of the valley under a tree. Her one delight was to splash about in the cool well under the silvery leaved willow tree. Dear to Snowdrop was the cool and the shadow, but, better still, a timely shower.

In rain and gloom she dwelt right merrily; and once, when a dull grey thunder cloud rolled up and strewed the earth with large hailstones, Snowdrop was as delighted as if they had been real pearls rolling about on the ground; and when the sun again beamed forth and the hail melted to water, Snowdrop wept over it as bitterly as if she wished to weep herself away, as though she were a sister weeping for an only brother.

And, lo! now spring, too, came to an end; and St. John's eve drew near. The children of the village collected for an expedition into the wood; came for Snowdrop, and asked Maria to let her go with them. Maria was apprehensive and did not wish to let her go; nor did Snowdrop wish to go either, but she could not get out of it. And, then, Maria thought to herself: "Perhaps it will cheer her up." And so she dressed her, kissed her, and said: "Go, my child, and make merry with your young companions! And you, children, take good care of my darling Snowdrop; you know she is to me as the apple of my eye." "Yes! yes!" exclaimed the children; seized Snowdrop and trooped off to the wood.

There they twined themselves garlands, tied bunches of flowers, and sang their half sad, half mirthful melodies. Little Snowdrop was with them continually. When the sun sank the children made a bonfire of grass and small twigs, lit it, and all stood garlanded in a row, one behind the other; but Snowdrop was the last in the row. "Observe," they said, "how we run, and do you do the same. Do not stop behind." And so all, intoning the Kupalov hymn, jumped through the fire. All at once something behind them rustled, and a piteous groan was heard. They looked round in surprise. There

was no one. They looked at one another, and did not observe Snowdrop. "Why, she has really given us the slip this time, the little sinner!" they said, and ran hither and thither to find her; but nowhere could they find her. They called and halloed: she made no reply. "Where has she stowed herself away?" said the children. "Perhaps she has run away home," they next suggested. And went to the village, but Snowdrop was not in the village.

They sought her next day, and the day after, and paced the wood bush by bush, tree by tree; Snowdrop was not there, and all trace of her had disappeared.

Long did Ivan and Maria bewail and lament for their little Snowdrop; and for still a long time did the wretched old mother go every day to the wood to search for her, and called to her like the lamenting cuckoo:

Ay! ay! Snegurushka!
Ay! ay! Golubushka!

And more than once she seemed to hear the voice of Snegurushka answer echo-like; but Snegurushka herself she saw never more, oh! never more.

Whither had Snegurushka vanished? Had some wild beast carried her off in the lonely wood, or some bird of prey borne her away to the dark blue sea?

Ah! no. No savage beast had carried her off in the dismal wood, and no bird of prey had borne her off to the dark blue sea; but when Snegurushka ran after her companions and leapt into the fire, all at once she tapered aloft in a thin streak of steam, and flew away to the sublunary heights of heaven.

A Legend about the Seven Planets.

ABOVE the firm orbits of the seven planets, and by all the orbits, stand angels, and along the orbits are stars, and when a planet stands low, the stars shine. In fourteen days God creates the sun, moon and stars, and on the fourteenth day Satan fell from heaven. And Sataniel, seeing earth and heaven beautified, said to himself: "I will fashion myself a throne upon the clouds, and be like the Most Highest, and glorify my Host as well." So he fashioned himself a throne above the clouds of the North, betook himself there, and became Duke of the Angelic Host. And God, seeing his rival, sent Michael, the archangel, and bade him fling Satan down. Michael went to Satan, but saw in him so much divinity that he did not dare look upon him. And Michael went to God and said: "Lord God, most great is thy divinity upon him." The Lord stripped him of his divinity and said: "Now, go and fling him down." And Michael went, and, seeing Sataniel as a simple man, struck him with his sceptre and hurled him from his throne, and Satan fell down, Angelic Host and all. So the Lord stripped him of his divinity and scraped off his *eel* (*lit.* slime), as well as from his angels and archangels, and nicknamed Michael Micky, and gave him authority over all the heavenly powers, and nicknamed his opponent, Satan, devil, and to be frozen, he and all his host. Satan trekked north and shook the earth, hoping to shake down the sky. And God said to Michael: "Forbid him verbally to play these games." Michael said: "Lord, what do you order me to say?" The Lord said: "Say, 'watch, ye Holy ones!'" Scarcely had he said these words, when all the Host of Heaven sang out: "He alone is Holy, our Lord Jesus Christ." And then he fixed up heaven right cannily. Thus Satan came to the world, and settled in Hades, in the abyss

under the world, and under him was water, and under the water unquenchable fire. His comrades who fell on the earth, hearing the voice of Micky Michael, stopped there, and wander up and down our sublunary sphere, working all evil to the race of men, and transforming them into demons. Others, hearing the voice of Micky Michael, before reaching the ground, remained suspended in the clouds. And all these Satanic demons transform themselves into angels and men, and into animals and all sorts of monsters, in order to torment mankind.

Czar David and Czar Solomon.

Two men came to Czar David for judgment, and one man said to the other in presence of Czar David: "You stole from me six boiled eggs, six years ago, and in that time I should have reared many chickens from them." And the other man replied to the first: "I admit, sir, that I am guilty towards you in the matter of six boiled eggs." But Czar David said to the man who had stolen them: "Pay him, also, for the number of chickens due in all these years." And Czar David assessed them at a vast number. Czar Solomon, hearing of this judgment of his father, Czar David, instructed this man according to his wisdom, and said to him: "Choose a fallow field near the highway where people ride, and sow some boiled peas from your kettle." The man did as Czar Solomon instructed him: he went and dug a field near the highway, where Czar David was wont to ride, and having dug it, proceeded to sow it with boiled peas from his kettle, in presence of Czar David. When Czar David saw this man sowing boiled peas from a kettle by the highway, he summoned him and enquired: "Why are you sowing boiled peas by the highway, when you know they cannot germinate?" Then the man replied to Czar David and said: "Why did you condemn me unjustly, and for how much would you sell me those boiled eggs of yours? You yourself have just admitted, Czar David, that boiled peas cannot grow; and how can a flock of chickens, for which you have mulcted me so unjustly, spring from boiled eggs?" Hereupon Czar David reflected that the man had reason on his side, and said to him: "Who put this device into your head?" The man replied to Czar David: "In very truth, it was your son, Czar Solomon, who instructed me to act as I have done." Czar David glorified God on hearing about his son, Czar Solomon, and his son's wisdom. And Czar David thereupon forbade that the value of the hypothetical chickens should be set to the debt of this man, and ordered that he should only be condemned to pay the price of the six boiled eggs.

The Old Lord God; or, Dedo-Hospod.

ORIGINALLY, when men first began to plough, after they had drawn the furrow from one side of the field to the other, they lifted the plough on to their shoulders, carried it back to the same side from which they had begun to plough, and proceeded to plough again from there. The Lord God passed and said to the ploughman: "Not so, my little son! But when you have completed your furrow, turn your plough there on the spot to where you drew your furrow from, and so plough back to the side from where you set out." And so the ploughman learnt to plough, just as we plough at this very day.

From them the Lord God went away, and saw a woman weaving at a loom and putting the thread into her mouth; every time she bit off the thread from one side and then began again from the same side. The Lord God said: "Not so, my daughter, but push the shuttle backwards and forwards, with both hands, without biting off the thread." And so she learnt to weave, as we weave at the present time.

The next day the Lord God went past the transformed ploughman and enquired of him: "Who taught you to plough, my little son?" And the ploughman replied: "The Old Lord God." And the Lord God blessed him and said: "You plough a day, and eat a year." After this, he went past the woman and enquired of her: "Who taught you to weave, my daughter?" And she answered him: "I taught myself, as quick as lightning." Then the Old Lord God said to her: "What you weave in a year, you can carry away under your arm."

It is also related that, in those days, man was supreme, not only over all living things, but also over inanimate matter; later, it is

said, all this was changed when mankind became wicked. For example, a man, when he chopped trees down and heaped them up in a heap, had but to flick them with a whip, and they trundled off, just where he wanted them to go. But a woman, when she chopped wood and flicked it to make it move, did make it move, but then, not liking the trouble of walking along the pathway, she seated herself upon the top of it, and this the wood wouldn't stand. She flogged it from this side, she flogged it from the other, but do what she would it wouldn't budge in any direction. Then she undid her belt, and fastened the wood on her back with it. On the road the Old Lord God revealed himself and said: "Because you are wicked, wherever you carry it, you shall carry it so."

When the Old Lord God went up and down the world and blessed it, his first pilgrimage was to a herdsman. He lay under a tree in the shadow, his water-bottle, in which he carried water, by his side, but it was empty. The Old Lord God enquired of him: "Little son, have you any water in your water-bottle?" And he said: "No." The Old Lord God said to him: "Go, my little son, fetch water, and give a poor old fellow a drink." But the herdsman pointed with his foot: "Look! there's the spring; if you want water go for it yourself." The Old Lord God thereupon took leave, and stung all the herd with gadflies; and so, when they began to run all in one direction, the herdsman stood alone and deserted, with his hat in his hand, and thought: "How I have sinned against the Lord Most High!"

The Old Lord God next went off to a shepherd. The shepherd also had a water-bottle. And the Old Lord God enquired of him: "Is there water my, little son?" The shepherd replied: "There is water, but I am afraid I cannot go and fetch it, for then the sheep will go astray." The Old Lord God replied: "Go, my little son, I will take care of the sheep." The shepherd went to fetch the water, and the Old Lord God took his crook, and, having stuck it in the ground, hung his cloak on the top of it, and blessed the sheep. And so they rested, tame and peaceful under the shadow. During his absence a wolf came to get its allotted portion, which it took every day from the shepherd. The Old Lord God gave it a mangy lamb. But the wolf was not content with it, and would not take it, but rushed off to seize another, which he liked better. Then the Old Lord God took the shepherd's pipe, and struck him crosswise with it over the spine. Hence it came to pass that by

how much the wolf is strong about the neck, by so much is he weak about the loins. All the same he carried off the lamb he had grabbed. The Old Lord God took two small stones, threw them after him, and blessed them: they became two hounds, which chased the wolf and rescued the lamb. The shepherd now returned, bringing spring water for the Old Lord God, and saw the sheep quietly dozing under the shadow, with two dogs frolicking round them; and so the shepherd enquired: "How is it, Grandfather, that the sheep stay and doze under the shadow, just as if I were driving them to pasture?" The Old Lord God said: "My little son, take out your copper pipe and pipe to them; they will run to that side from which the light air blows." From that time forth to the present day, shepherds drive their flocks to pasture, piping to them on a shepherd's pipe.

Bulgarian Hospitality.

ONCE, after God had formed the world, he went to see how his people lived. He descended from the sky, first of all on the Balcan mountains (*lit.* old hill), and tranformed himself into a man, an old fellow with a white beard and in a white dress.* Taking a staff in his hand, he wandered about the world and reached the land of Bulgaria; and long he wandered, even the whole day, among shadowy mountains. In the evening he reaches a village, to spend the night there. He entered the first house along the village street, and sat down by the threshold, silent and pensive. The mistress of the house was at home, but she was busy sewing and did not see him. And now, lo! her husband returns home from the field and from the plough, invites him in and says: "Grandfather, you are very tired; you are a starving traveller; come into the house and refresh yourself, even if it be but poor and humble, with everything that the Lord God has given us; you are my guest; only choose." The old man looked up cheerily, entered the house, and sat down. The man and his wife rose in haste, and prepared as elegant and substantial a meal as they had the means to do, and then laid the table. The two hosts ate their homely meal, but the old man refused. They pressed and invited him: "Grandfather, why do you not eat? You are comfortable here; take a bite of this or that, whatever you have a fancy for; everything that we have is at your disposition." The old man only said, "Eat, eat, and I will muse a little." When they had eaten their fill they rose, and the mistress of the house went out to suckle her child, which was crying. Then the old man said to her husband: "My worthy entertainer, do you know how, if you wish, you could really entertain me? I am rather particular in

* The picturesque garb of Greek shepherds.

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my tastes, and only really enjoy a good roast of human flesh. So kill me your little son, wash him out nicely, and put him into the oven by the stove. We must manage things gingerly, that your wife may know nothing, for, doubtless, it would give her pain." The other thus replied: "Is that all you desire, grandfather? But why did you not tell us sooner, instead of sitting here a famished guest in my house? Are you not aware that everything the Lord God has given me is at your disposal? In truth, old man, I love you very much, for my heart tells me that you are good and brave. And now you shall have proof of it; only have a little patience, while I make ready what you desire." So saying, the man went out of the cottage; his wife had returned to work, leaving her child playing in the moonlight all alone, little dreaming of the fate in store for it. And so the man stole her child, killed it with all speed, brought it whole to the stove, and so shut it up in the oven, so that its mother might know nothing about it until it was cooked. Then he crept up to the old man, sat down beside him, and began to discourse merrily with him. At last he sank in thought for a while, and the old man was silent too, snuffed with his nose, and said to the servant girl: "Oh! go and look at the roast; it smells to me as if it were done to a turn."

So she gets up, goes off, opens the oven, looks in and draws out the roast. But what did she see there? She wonders and is astounded at the miracle! All the oven streamed with light, and all the chamber too, from the radiance all around the child. The stove and the child were both turned to gold. The child sat upon the stove, like a big boy, sturdy, merry, full of light and health; on his head was a crown of pearls and precious stones; at his waist, by his side, was a sword; in his right hand he held a book, printed in letters of gold; in his left he had a sheaf of corn in full ear. And so everything quivered like a fire, after it had all been changed to gold. And so he turned and enquired of the old man how the wonder had occurred; but the old man was no longer there; he had issued from the cottage, stood before it, and said to them: "Rest in health and live henceforth in joy and peace! May your good hearts have good fortune from field and stock, and blessing and peace on your children and grandchilren from the Lord, for all the hospitality that has been shown me in this house!" And so he departed at nightfall, whither no man knows.

[Here the original myth has received a new and quite original application. This remarkable story is a good illustration of the fact, which modern scientific research has now placed beyond the faintest possibility of doubt, that there is a very close affinity between the essential part of Christianity and primitive cannibalism, or rather, to speak more correctly, that Christianity is a partial and watered-down reversion to the latter. Once this cardinal truth is grasped and accepted, it explains a great many historical facts, and illustrations pour in upon us from all sides. It explains why Christianity has never made any appreciable headway among peoples who already had a more or less civilised religion of their own, *e.g.*, Buddhists, Chinese, Jews, Mohammedans and Hindus. It also explains why the only peoples who, to their own undoing, have really taken kindly to Christianity are the cannibal inhabitants of Polynesia. It explains, lastly, why of all the great religions of the world, Christianity has been the most intolerant, the most repressive and the most bloodthirsty, the most discredited by internecine strife, and, on the whole, of all the dreary superstitions to which mankind has immolated itself, the greatest curse to the human race at large. It does not at all conduce to our respect for the immaculate Son of God that the whole of the least offensive part of his ethical teaching was stolen, and to a considerable extent degraded and perverted, from the Chinese moralists, Lao Dza and Confucius, and from the Hindu "awakened one," Gautama of Kapilavastu; appropriated, be it remembered, without a single word of acknowledgment of the sources from which it was drawn. No wonder if the dupes and followers of the plagiarist of Nazareth have shown themselves the greatest brigands, thieves, liars and assassins that any great religion has cursed the world withal, and, so far from derogating from their glorious past, are at the present day arming themselves to the teeth to carry out on a still vaster scale their religion of wholesale infamy, devastation and murder.]

Cinderella.

SEVERAL girls were once gathered together by a moat to spin, and as they conversed together came an old greybeard and said to them: "Girls, when you spin and converse be careful about the moat, for if any one of you lets her spindle fall into it, her mother will become a cow." Thus he said and passed on his way. After this the girls, surprised at his words, collected together round the moat and looked down into it, and without intending it, one of them, who was the prettiest, dropped her spindle into the moat. In the evening, when she went away, she observed a cow, her mother, before the gate and drove it to pasture with the rest of the cattle. After some time the father of this girl married a widow, who brought him a daughter. This second wife hated her husband's daughter particularly, because she was prettier and more diligent than her own, and continually sought pretexts to bully and scold her, and gave her nothing to wash or comb herself with, nor any change of clothes. Once she sent her with the cattle, gave her a wallet full of flax and said: "If, to-day, you do not spin this flax and wind it on to the spindle, you needn't come to supper or I'll kill you!" The poor girl, as she followed the cattle, racked her brain to think how she could finish the task. In the afternoon, when the cattle lie down to chew the cud, she looks into the wallet and sees what there is to be done; but when she sees that it is impossible for her to accomplish it, she begins to cry. When the cow, that was her mother, sees her crying, it asks her what she is crying for. She tells the cow all about it. Then the cow says to her: "Fear not, I will help you. I will take the flax in my mouth and chew it, and the thread will come out at my ear; you will seize it and wind it on the spindle, and will thus finish in time." As she said, so it was. She began to chew the flax bit by bit; the thread came out at her ear, and the girl drew it, wound it, and so finished her task. In the evening she went away and brought it to her stepmother, who was astonished to see that she had finished it all. The next time she gave her a similar quantity of flax to spin. The girl spun in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, when the cattle lay down to chew the cud, the cow approached, began to chew, the

thread came out at her ear, and the girl drew it off, wound it, and so finished in time. In the evening she went away and gave her stepmother all the flax spun and wound. The stepmother was astonished to see the whole task completed. The third day she gave her still more, and sent her own daughter to see who helped her. The daughter sallied forth, crept aside, and saw how it was that the girl completed her task in the day. She saw how the cow took the flax in its mouth and chewed it, and how the thread came out at its ear, and the girl drew and wound it. Then the girl went and told her mother. When she had learnt this from her daughter, she urged her husband to kill the cow. He tried in every way to persuade her not to have it killed, but could not dissuade her. At last, when he perceived that there was nothing else to be done, he promised her that he would kill the cow some day. The girl, when she heard that they were going to kill the cow, began to cry. Then she went off and told the cow that they were going to kill it. It said to the girl: "Hold your tongue and do not cry. If they kill me, don't eat of my flesh, but collect my bones and bury them behind the house. Then, if trouble overtake you, go to my grave, and from there help will come to you."

One day they killed the cow, prepared its flesh, brought it into the dining hall and began to eat. Only the girl did not eat, because it had been forbidden her, but collected the bones, and, without letting anyone see her, carries them away and buries them behind the house, in the place where the cow (her mother) had ordered her to bury them. This girl was called Maria; afterwards, when all the drudgery of the house was imposed upon her—namely, to sweep, fetch water, cook, and wash up the earthenware—she became scorched and smudgy from excessive labour by the fire; and so her stepmother rechristened her Cinderella, and this name stuck to her. One day her stepmother and daughter sallied forth to go to church, and before setting off, the stepmother took a pan full of millet, strewed it on the floor in the house, and said to Cinderella: "Hi! you, Cinderella, if you do not collect this millet and prepare our dinner for us when we have returned from church, don't venture into my presence or I will kill you." So saying she departed. Poor Cinderella, when she looked at all the millet, howled and wept and lamented: "I will sweep, and I will cook, and do all their drudgery for them, but how can a poor girl pick up all that millet?" When she had wept herself to silence, all at once it occurred to her what

the cow had said to her: to go to her grave, that there she would find relief in her trouble. Cinderella hurries off to the grave. Arrived; just fancy what she sees! On the grave stands an open trunk, full of all sorts of rich dresses; and two doves, as white as snow, are standing on the lid. These said to her: "Maria! take dresses from here, array yourself and go to church, and we will pick up the millet and cook the dinner." She stretched out her hands and took the top dress, which was of pure silks and satins, dressed herself, and went to church. In church great and small wondered at her beauty and her dress, and, above all, because no one had the least idea who she was nor where she came from; and, most of all, the czar's son admired her and could not take his eyes off her. When the service was over, she crept away and ran quickly home again, hastily undressed, stuffed the dress into the trunk, and the trunk in an instant vanished. She then went to the kitchen, and what do you think she saw there? The millet all picked up, the dinner cooked, and all the household work completed. After a short time, lo! her stepmother comes with her daughter from church, sees everything tidied up as it should be, and is much surprised. Next Sunday, when she would go to church with her daughter, she takes a larger pan of millet, scatters it on the floor, and threatens Cinderella that, if she does not collect it all and cook the dinner, she will kill her. The stepmother then goes off to church with her daughter, and Cinderella to the cow's grave. By the grave she finds the two doves and the trunk open, with the dresses in it. The doves bid her dress herself and go to church, and they will pick up the millet and cook the dinner. She takes a dress of pure silver, puts it on and goes to church. And now great and small wonder more than before, and the czar's son cannot take his eyes off her. The service concludes, and she slips through the choir and so home. There she undresses, stuffs the dress into the trunk, and the trunk vanishes. Soon after, lo! her stepmother, who looks and looks; all the millet picked up, dinner cooked, and Cinderella by the kitchen stove! She is much surprised at seeing so great a task completed. And now, for the third time, the stepmother goes to church, but before setting off she takes a pan full of millet, three times larger than before, scatters the millet on the ground, and says to Cinderella: "Cinderella! if this millet be not all collected and the dinner cooked, and everything tidied up when I come home from church, don't venture into my presence or I will kill you." Then she set off to church. After this,

Cinderella also went off to the cow's grave, and there sees the trunk open and the two doves upon it. They bid her dress and go to church, and that they will pick up the millet and cook the dinner. She takes a dress of pure gold, and goes to church. There, when they look upon her, they are astonished, for nobody knows who she is and where she comes from. The czar's son cannot take his eyes off her, and determines, when service is over, to follow her, in order to see whither she disappears. Service over, she steals off among the choir boys, and hurries away to get home before her stepmother; but as she struggled through the choir one of her shoes came off, and the czar's son picked it up. She returned home with one shoe, hastily undressed, stuffed the dress into the trunk, and the trunk vanished. Then she went and looked into the house: the millet was all collected, the dinner cooked, and the whole place tidied up. She seats herself by the kitchen fire, and, lo! her stepmother comes in, looks all round: the millet is all picked up, the dinner cooked, everything in order; she cannot find a single thing awry to scold Cinderella for. The czar's son goes home, unrobes, takes the shoe and goes from house to house and tries it on, to see who it may belong to. And so, when he had gone and made enquiries, he tried the shoe on the feet of pretty nearly all the girls, but it fitted none of them: for some it was too big, for others too small, for some too narrow, for some too broad. And so, at last, he comes to the house of Cinderella. Her stepmother, on seeing him, clapped Cinderella under a trough. He enquired if they had any girls there. She replied that they had, and introduced her daughter. He tried on the shoe, but it would not even go over her toes. Then he asks again if they have no other girl, and she says that they have not. Just as she said to the czar's son that they had no other girl, the cock which had hopped on to the trough pipes out: "Cock-a-doodle-do! There's a pretty girl under the trough, though, too!" The stepmother screamed: "Ish! may the eagles take you." And the czar's son, as soon as he heard what the cock had said, approached and turned over the tub; and, lo! there was the very girl he had seen at church, in those beautiful dresses, only that on one of her feet she had no shoe. He tried the shoe on, which, when he had fitted it, was exactly like the one on the other foot. Then the czar's son took her by the hand, led her away to the court and married her, but the stepmother was punished for her evil heart.

["Cinderella," in its Bulgarian form, deserves a few words of comment. The three sisters of the popular version are wanting, and there is but one. Instead of these there are the three episodes with the cow and the three at the cow's grave. The reader should compare with this story the Upper Lusatian one of "The Tinkling Linden," and the Slovenian, "The Friendly Fairy and the Friendly Months." In all these stories we have substitution of the stepmother's ugly daughter for the heroine, occurring at the end of the story. This episode, then, corresponds to the anticlimax in "The Three Citrons." In the Bulgarian form of "Cinderella," the three dresses must, therefore, correspond to the three beauties, who appear when the three citrons are cut, and the three spinnings to the three castles. The characteristics of the three castles, moonless night, moonlight, sunlight, have, however, been transferred to the dresses. A trace of the magic, moonstruck winter night is, however, retained in the cow, whose horns symbolise the crescent moon. It may be observed that the Mahommedans generally place a pentagon star with their crescent, and the worshippers of Shaiva sear a pentagon on the flank of Nandi, their sacred bull. It is further worth noticing that in the Bulgarian "Cinderella," she is ordered to bury the cow's bones. In "The Tinkling Linden," on the other hand, the heroine is ordered to beg the hide in which she will find a pip. This she is to sow, and a glass linden with a little dog barking under it results. Now, in Bulgarian, *zarovan* means to bury, and in Little Russian *zarobyti* means to tan, when applied to a hide, so that the difference in the details of the two stories may be very likely be due to a confusion between these two words.]

The Golden Apple and the Nine Peahens.

THERE was once a czar who had three sons, and in his courtyard was a golden apple tree, which bloomed and ripened in a single night, but someone stole the apples, and the czar could not discover who was the thief. Once he summoned his sons and said to them: "I cannot make out what becomes of the fruit of our apple tree." To this his eldest son replied: "I will go to-night and watch it, and see who robs it." When it was dusk the eldest son, as he had said, sallied forth and lay down under the apple tree. But when, towards midnight, the apples began to ripen, sleep overcame him, and he dozed off. And, when he awoke next morning, he looked about him, but where were the apples? Vanished! When he saw this, he went home and told his father exactly what had happened. The second son said to his father: "To-night, I will go and watch the tree, in order to see who robs it." Towards evening he sallied forth, as he had said, and lay down under the tree. But he, too, watched it, just like the first son. He, also, just about the time that the apples began to ripen, dozed off, but when he awoke next morning, wherever were the apples? Vanished! Now came the turn of the third and youngest to go and watch the apple tree. Towards evening off he went, prepared his bed, lay down and went to sleep. About midnight, when the apples began to ripen, he awoke and looked at the apple tree; it was just beginning to ripen its fruit, and the whole court was aglow with their lustre. Just at this moment nine peahens flew down, eight of them settled on the tree, and the ninth beside him on the bed; and, as soon as she had settled there, turned into a girl, whose beauty outshone the sun in heaven. He and she kissed and toyed till sunrise dawned; then he got up, she thanked him for the apples, and he begged of her to leave him at least one. She gave him two, one for himself and the other to take to his father; changed herself into a peahen, flew away and the others after her. Then the czar's son got up and took the apple to his father, and his father did not know what to do with himself for joy,

and praised him continually. The following evening, the czar's youngest son again went to watch the apple tree, and, as soon as he reached it, lay down, as before, and watched it successfully. On the morrow, he again brought his father an apple, and so for several nights. He went regularly to watch the apple tree—and always watched it successfully. But, now, weren't his brothers jealous of him for being able to watch the apple tree so successfully, while they couldn't watch it at all. So they cast about to discover his secret for watching apple trees. And, lo and behold! they found an old hag, who was a witch, who promised to discover for them their brother's receipt for watching apple trees. And, so, when the youngest brother prepared to go and watch the apple tree, that accursed witch crept off before him, and stowed herself under the bed. The czar's son comes and lies down on the bed, without knowing that there is an old woman under it, and goes to sleep as before. About midnight the czar's son wakes with a start: there come the nine peahens, eight of them settled in the tree, and the ninth beside him in bed, transformed herself into a girl, and began to kiss and fondle. After the couple had toyed together in bed, a tress of the girl's hair hung outside it, and that accursed witch softly crept forth and shore off that tress. The girl, as soon as she felt it, jumped up all at once, transformed herself into a peahen and flew away, with the other eight after her. On seeing this the czar's son jumped out of bed, exclaimed: "What is this?" When, lo! there was the old woman under the bed. He seized her, pulled her from under the bed, and the next morning, ordered her to be tied to the tails of two horses and to be torn to pieces. The peahens came no more to the apple tree, and, in consequence, the czar's son became much grieved and did nothing but weep and lament. At last he made up his mind to go in search of them through the world; so he went and told his father what he had decided upon doing, and his father consoled him and said: "Stay at home, dear son! I will look for another girl for you in my kingdom, anyone you like." All to no purpose: he would not listen to his father, but made ready for the journey; took but one of the servants and sallied forth into the world to seek the peahens. After travelling a long time he came to a lake, in the middle of which was a costly palace, and in this palace dwelt an old princess: this old princess had an only daughter. The czar's son, having reached the old princess's palace, asked her to tell him all she knew of the nine peahens, and the old lady told him what she knew, and

that the nine peahens came daily to bathe in the lake. Having said so much, she tried to dissuade him in these words: "My dear son, give those nine peahens a wide berth! I have a very pretty daughter myself and a large property, all of which you shall inherit if you marry her." But the czar's son had scarcely heard where those nine peahens were than he would listen to nothing she said to him; but, on the morrow, bade his servant saddle the horses to go to the lake. Before they set off to the lake, the old princess called his servant to her and bribed him. Then she gave him a small satchel and said: "When the time draws near for the peahens to come to the lake, puff your master, on the sly, with this satchel, behind the nape of the neck; he will then go to sleep and not see them." Would you believe it? that accursed servant took the satchel and did as the old princess told him. When they reached the shore of the lake, it was just time for the peahens to return there, too, and he puffed his master behind the neck, and his master fell as fast asleep as a dead man. As soon as he had fallen asleep, the nine peahens arrived, eight of them alighted on the lake, and the ninth on his horse, and tried to awaken him. "Wake, my birdie! wake, my lambkin! wake, my dovekin!" But he heard nothing, and slept on like a dead man. After having bathed, all the nine peahens flew away again. They flew off. He awoke and asked his servant: "What is it? Have they come?" And the servant replied: "They have come," and told him how the eight peahens settled on the lake and the ninth on his horse, and how she had tried to awaken him. The czar's son, on hearing this, poor fellow, from his servant, was half dead from rage and vexation. On the next morning he again visits the lake, but his treacherous servant again finds an opportunity to puff him behind the nape of the neck, and he immediately drops to sleep like a dead man. As soon as he is asleep, lo! the nine peahens appear, eight settle on the lake and the ninth on his horse, and tries to awaken him. "Get up, my birdie! my lambkin! my little dove!" But he slept like a dead man and heard nothing. When the peahen could not awaken him, and the others wished to fly away, she, who had tried to awaken him, turned and said to the servant: "When your master awakes, tell him that yet to-morrow he will see us here, but then never more!" So saying, she soared aloft, and the others after her. Scarcely had they flown away when the czar's son awoke, and enquired of the servant: "Have they come?" and he replied: "They have come; eight of them settled on the lake and the ninth on your

horse, and tried to awaken you, but you slept too soundly. And she, as she prepared to go, told me to tell you that you would see them here yet once more, and then never more." When the czar's son heard this he was half dead, poor fellow, and did not know what to do for sorrow and vexation. On the third day he again prepared to go to the lake, saddled his horse and away; and to prevent falling asleep he rode his horse continually. But his malicious servant, as he rode after him, found an opportunity again to puff him behind the nape of the neck, and he, all at once, rolled from his horse and fell asleep. As soon as he was asleep, lo! the nine peahens appeared; eight settled on the lake and the ninth on his horse, and tried to awaken him. "Up! up! my bird; awake, my lambkin; arouse, then, my little dove!" But he slept and slept like a dead man, and heard nothing. Then, when the others wished to fly away, she, who had alighted on his horse, turned to the servant and said: "When your master awakes, tell him to roll down the lower coping-stone upon the upper, and then he will find me." Then she soared away, and the others from the lake after her. Scarcely had they flown away when he awoke, and enquired of his servant: "Have they come?" and the servant replied: "They have come; and she who settled on your horse, told me to tell you, when you awoke, that if you rolled the upper coping-stone on to the lower, you would find her." When the czar's son heard this, he drew out his sword and cut off his servant's head. Having thus done his business for him, he sallied forth alone on his pilgrimage. After journeying for a long time, he came to a forest, and, at dusk, to a hermit's cell, where he passed the night. At supper the czar's son enquired of the hermit: "Reverend sire! have you ever heard of nine golden peahens?" The hermit replied: "Oh! my little son, you are in luck to have come to me to enquire about them. They are hard by here, for from here to there is not more than a six hours ride." On the morrow, when the czar's son prepared to continue his pursuit, the hermit came out to show him the way, and said to him: "Go straight forward and you will find a large gateway. When you have passed through the gateway, turn to the right and you will come straight to their city, and in that city are their palaces." So he sallied forth, following the directions of the hermit, and rode until he reached the gateway; then he turned to the right and there beheld the city of the peahens. And when he saw it he was filled with joy. At the gate a watchman stopped him and enquired who he was and where

he came from. The czar's son gave him full particulars. After this, the watchman went off to the palace and announced him to the princess. When she heard of the prince's arrival she was beside herself with delight, and was like a girl before him; took him by the hand and led him upstairs. And now they had a good time of it together for some days, and were then solemnly married.

Well, some time after their wedding, the princess prepared to take a junket, and the czar's son remained quietly at home. Before setting off she drew out and gave him the keys of twelve cellars, and said to him: "Open all the cellars, but don't meddle with the twelfth." So saying, she departed. The czar's son, when left to himself in the palace, thought to himself: "What may this be, that I am to open all the cellars except the twelfth? There must be something uncommonly queer in it, by the Lord God of Hosts." Then he began to open one after the other. Now he comes to the twelfth, and at first did not wish to open it; but, as he had no patience, he began to dint it and to say: "Whatever can there be in this cellar for her to tell me not to open it?" At last he opened it, too, and there in the middle stood a cask girdled with three iron hoops, and from it he heard a voice, which said: "Prythee, brother, I am dying of thirst; give me a cup of water." When the czar's son heard the voice, he took a cup of water and poured it down the bunghole, and scarcely had he finished pouring it, when one of the iron hoops flew off. The voice again cried: "Prythee, brother, give me yet another cup of water; I am so thirsty." He took a cup of water, poured it down the bunghole, and lo! a second hoop flew off. The voice cried: "I am so thirsty; give me yet a cup of water, brother!" The czar's son took yet another cup of water, and poured it down the bunghole. And, as soon as he had poured it all down, the third hoop flew off, the cask fell to pieces, and from it crawled a serpent, found the princess on her journey, and dragged her away with him. Then the servant and the servant girls come and tell their master that the snake has kidnapped their mistress. Finally he prepares to look for her over the world. After travelling in this way for some time, he reached a swamp, and on this swamp he sees a little fish, which tries to jump back into the water and cannot. The little fish, when it sees the prince, entreats him: "Prythee, brother, be so good and throw me into the water. You will need me some day; only take a scale from me, and when you want me, rub it between your fingers." When he heard this, he takes a scale from

the fish, throws it into the water, puts the scale in his wallet, and continues his journey. After travelling yet some way, he perceives a fox which had been caught in a trap. When the fox saw him it exclaims: "Prythee, brother, let me out of this trap; you will need my aid some day; just take a few of my hairs and, when you want me, rub them between your fingers." He took a few hairs, let the fox out of the trap, and continued his journey. And so he trudged on until at last, in his journeying, he came to a forest, and there perceived a crow, which, like the fox previously, had also got into a trap. When the crow espied him, it exclaimed: "Prythee, brother mine; oh! wayfarer! let me out of this trap; you will need my help some day. So just pluck a feather or two from me, and when you want me rub them between your fingers." The czar's son took a few feathers from the crow and then let it out of the trap. After this, he continued his journey. Having thus journeyed all ways in pursuit of his princess, he at last met a man and enquired: "Prythee, brother, could you kindly tell me where is the palace of the czar of the serpents?" The man shows the way and tells him both when the serpent is at home and, also, when he receives visitors. The czar's son thanks him and says: "Addio!" Then he continues his pilgrimage, and little by little approaches the palace of the serpent czar. When he gets there he sees his beloved, and when she recognises him and he her, they are both much delighted. And, now, they consult together how they are to escape. Finally they decide to saddle their horses and ride off. So they saddled them, mounted and hie, away! As soon as they had skedaddled, the serpent came home, looked about—no princess! "Tell me, now," said the serpent to his horse. "What shall I do? Shall I eat and drink or go in pursuit at once?" The horse said: "Don't fash yourself, eat and drink!" Supper over, the serpent mounted his steed and hie! away after them. And, after an hour, he caught them up, took back the princess, and said to the czar's son: "This time I leave you safe and sound, but only because you gave me water to drink in the cellars; don't come another time, though, as you value your life." The czar's son, poor fellow, remained there thunder-struck, and then tried to continue his journey; but when he could not, so sick at heart he felt, he returned once more to the palace of the snake. Then he sees the princess all in tears; and, when they had exchanged glances, they met and took counsel how they might yet make good their escape. Then the czar's son said to the princess: "When the snake

comes home, ask him where he buys his horses from? Then tell me, and I will procure one similar, in order to make good our escape." So saying, he quitted the palace, that the snake might not catch him when it came home. As soon as it did come home, the princess began to pet and wheedle it, and to say: "But what a fleet steed is thine! Oh! do tell me whom you bought it of." And he replied: "Where I buy, can no one else buy. In a forest dwells an old grandmother, who has twelve horses stalled in such a way that no one can tell which of them is the best. One of them is in a corner, and looks a half-starved nag, but it is the best and own brother to mine. It can soar heavenwards. But whoever wishes to get it from the old woman must serve her. This old grandmother has a mare and foal, and who can guard the mare three days is permitted by the old woman to choose a horse. Whoever tries to guard the mare three days and does not succeed pays the forfeit with his life." Next morning the snake went away and the czar's son came, and the princess told him what the snake had said to her. So off goes the czar's son, reaches the forest, and finds there also the old dame herself. As soon as he had entered her house he said, "Good day, good dame!" And the old dame replied, "The Lord be with thee, my little son," adding "What has brought thee hither, pray?" He replied, "I want to serve my time with you, good dame." The old dame replied, "Very well, my little son. I have a mare and foal; if for three days you guard it well, I will give you one of these twelve horses, and you may choose the one you like best; but if you fail to guard it, I shall take your head." Then she led him out into the courtyard; all around the courtyard was a palisade, and on every paling a human head was fixed: only one remained empty, and it exclaimed continually, "Give me a head, granny!" When the old dame had shown him everything, she said, "Look! those are the heads of all who tried to guard the mare and failed." But the czar's son was not to be frightened in this way. Towards evening he mounted the mare and galloped off over hill and dale, and the foal after them; hie, away! And so things went on till midnight. About midnight—would you believe it?—a drowsiness crept upon him and he fell asleep. When he awoke at sunrise, lo and behold! he was breaking in a log of wood instead of a mare, and held the halter in his hand. Seeing which, the poor fellow shook with terror, and prepared to go in pursuit of the mare. And, in his pursuit of her, he came to a piece of water, bethought

him of the little fish, opened his wallet, took out the scale, rubbed it between his fingers, and the little fish skipped out of the water and lay there before him. "What is it, chosen brother mine (or heart's brother)?" said the little fish. And he replied, "The old beldame's mare has escaped me and I do not know where it is." The little fish replied, "Lo! it is among our people. It has transformed itself into a fish and the foal into a minnow; but flick the water with the halter and exclaim, 'Shu! shu! old granny's mare!'" He lashed the water with the halter, exclaiming as he did so, "Shu! shu!" and lo! all at once the mare resumed her previous shape and leapt out on to the water's edge before him. Then he threw the halter over her head, mounted her, and gallop! gallop! away back to grandmother's. When he brought back the mare, the old beldame gave him dinner and then conducted the mare to the stable, chided it and said, "Ah! among the fish, you good-for-nothing, you!" And the mare replied, "Certainly, I was having a chat with them down below; in fact they are friends of mine, and invited me." And the old beldame replied, "And the next time you will be among the foxes, I suppose."

On the second day, he again mounted the mare, and hie, away! over hill and dale, and the foal at full speed after him. So until midnight. When it was about midnight a sleep crept over him, and he dozed off on the mare's back. When he awoke at sunrise, lo and behold! he was breaking in a log of wood instead of a mare, and held the halter in his hand. While he looked for her it all at once occurred to him what the old woman said to the mare when she led it to the stable, so he took out of the wallet the fox's hair and rubbed it between his fingers, and the fox in a jiffy stood there before him. "What is it, adopted brother?" And he replied, "The old grandmother's mare has escaped me." The fox replied, "It is stopping with us. It has turned into a fox, and the foal into a fox-cub. But do you just strike the earth with the halter and cry, 'Shu! shu! old granny's mare!'" He struck the ground and called out; and, at a moment, in a bound, the mare was before him. Then he rubbed her down, put on the halter, mounted her and rode her home again. As soon as he had brought her home, the old beldame gave him dinner, and led the mare to the stable, saying, "Among the foxes, indeed, you ne'er-do-well!" And the mare replied, "Yes, I was having a chat with them, for they are my friends and invited me." And the old beldame said, "Next, I suppose, among the

crows." On the third day the czar's son mounted the mare and hie, away! over hill and over dale, and the foal at full speed after her. So until midnight. When it was about midnight, he dozed off upon the mare's back and fell asleep, and never woke till sunrise, and found himself breaking in a log of wood and holding the halter in his hand. When he saw that, he jumped up and tried to follow the mare, and as he did so it occurred to him what the old grandmother had said to the mare when she scolded it. So he opened his wallet, took out the crow's feathers, and rubbed them between his fingers, and the crow—fr-r-r-r—was there before him. "What is it, adopted brother?" The czar's son replied to her, "The old grandmother's mare has escaped me, and I know not where she may be." The crow replied, "She is with us; she has turned into a crow, and the foal into a young crow. But flourish the halter in the air, and say, 'Shu! shu! old granny's mare!'" He flourished the halter in the air, exclaiming, "Shu! shu! old granny's mare!" And the mare turned itself from a crow into a mare, just as it was before, and came before him. So he put the halter on, and mounted and galloped her back to old granny's, and the foal after him. Old granny gave him dinner and caught the mare, led it into the stable, and said to it, "So you have been among the crows, you ne'er-do-well?" And the mare said, "Yes, I had a chat with the crows; they are my friends, and invited me." As soon as old granny came out of the stable, the czar's son said, "Hi! old granny; I have served you honourably, now I expect you to give me what you promised." Old granny replied, "My little son, whatever is covenanted for must be given. Lo! there are the twelve horses; choose which of them you like best." The czar's son replied, "Why should I pick and choose? Give me the one in the corner, there; it is good enough for me." Old granny now tries to dissuade him. "Why do you want that sorry nag, when there are so many good horses?" He simply repeated, "Give me the one I choose, as we covenanted." Old granny twists and turns, but finally has to give him the one he chose. He mounted it with, "A good day to you, granny!" "Good luck to you, my boy." When he had ridden it into a grove, he began to currycomb it, and it shone like gold. Afterwards when he mounted it and began to gallop, it soared higher and higher, like a bird, so that in a precious short time they were back at the snake's palace. As soon as the czar's son entered the palace, he recommended the princess to get ready and ride off. And so she got ready as quickly

as possible, mounted pillion behind him, and off they rode. Scarcely had they quitted the palace and ridden off, when the snake came home and looked about. No princess! So he said to his horse, "Shall I eat and drink, or shall I go in pursuit of them?" The horse replied, "Eat or not eat, drink or not drink, pursue or don't pursue—you will never catch them up." As soon as the snake heard that, he mounted his horse and rode in pursuit of the fugitives. The czar's son and the princess, when they were aware that he was pursuing them, trembled with terror and urged the horse to gallop faster, but the horse replied, "Have no fear, there is no need to hurry." The snake gallops and gallops, and almost catches them up; and his horse under him shouts to the one under the czar's son and the princess: "Hurrah! brother, but wait, or I shall burst before I catch you up." And the other replies, "Who's to blame, you dolt, if you carry that scarecrow on the back of you. Kick up your heels, fling him to the ground, and follow me!" When the snake's horse hears this, it tosses up its head, flings out with its hind legs, and flop goes the snake on to the stones. The snake is dashed to pieces, and his horse follows the czar's son and the princess. The princess caught and mounted him, and so they rode back safe and sound to the princess's kingdom and ruled there happily until they died.

The Speech of the Animals.

A MAN had a shepherd, who served him many years faithfully and honourably. Once, as this shepherd followed the sheep, he heard a whistling in the wood, and, not knowing what it was, went to see. When, there, lo and behold! a fire, and in the fire a snake writhing. When he saw this, he waited to see what the snake would do, because everything was burning around it, and the fire had reached quite close to where the snake was. When the snake saw the shepherd, it cried out: "Oh! shepherd, please be so good as to free me from this fire." The shepherd, on hearing these words, felt pity for the snake, and so he proffered it his shepherd's crook, and the snake crawled out along it. When it had crawled out, it twined itself round his neck. The shepherd, on seeing this, was surprised, and exclaimed: "Fie! you wretch, is this the way you reward me for having set you free? This is as much as to say, do good and find ill." The snake replied: "Never fear, I will do no harm to you; but take me back to my papa, who is the czar of the serpents." The shepherd excused himself to it (the snake), and replied: "I cannot carry you there, for I have no one with whom to leave the sheep." The snake replied: "Have no fear for the sheep; nothing will happen to them; just carry me back to my papa, and be quick about it!" Having nothing to say to this, he took his way with it through the woods. Before long they reached a gate, which was entirely formed of twisted serpents, and when they got there, the snake, which was twisted round his neck, whistled, and the serpents, which were entwined to form the gate, all at once untwined themselves and left a way for them to pass. When the shepherd and the snake had entered the palace, the snake whispered to the shepherd: "Wait, and I will tell you something. When my papa comes to the palace, he will offer you what you like to choose, either gold or silver; do not accept either of them, but ask him to give you such a tongue that you may be able to understand the language of all animals. He will not lightly give it you, but ultimately he will give it." The shepherd now presented himself with the snake to his father in the palace, and the father, on

seeing it, burst into tears, and enquired: "Halloa! my little son, where have you been all this time?" He replied, relating everything in order, how and what happened, and how the shepherd had saved his life. Then the czar of the serpents turned to the shepherd and said: "Choose, choose, my lad, what you please in compensation for having saved my child." The shepherd replied: "I desire nothing but that you give me such a tongue that I may be able to understand the language of all kinds of animals." The czar of the serpents replied: "That is not for you, my good fellow; for if I give it you, you will be sure to blab and brag about it, and that instant you will die; but choose something else." The shepherd replied: "I do not desire any other thing. If you will give it me, do so; if not, good bye, and my humble respects!" And he turned to depart. Then the czar of the serpents exclaimed: "Ho! stop! come back! Since you desire it, come, and I will give it you. Gape!" The shepherd gaped, and the serpent czar spat in his mouth, and bade him do the same by him. And so they spat three times respectively into one another's mouths. Having finished this performance, the czar of the serpents said to the shepherd: "Lo, now you have that tongue that you desire; go, and good luck to you; but beware how you tell anyone, because, if you do, you die. I tell you the truth." And so the shepherd departed. As he returned through the wood, he understood everything the birds were discoursing about, ay, even what the grass was saying—and, in a word, everything that was spoken in the world. When he returned to the sheep, he found the full number, seated himself, and counted them. But as soon as he lay down, lo! two crows flew and settled in a tree hard by, and began to converse in their language. "If our friend the shepherd knew that, where that black lamb is lying, there is a cellar excavated, and full of gold and silver, he would go and dig it up." When the shepherd heard this he went and told his master, and his master brought a cart, and they cleared the door of the cellar and unearthed the treasure. His master was a very religious person; so he gave all the treasure to the shepherd, and said to him: "Lo! my lad, it is yours; for the Lord gives it you. Go and build a house, marry, and live like a lord." The shepherd took the treasure, built a house, married, and lived right royally. In fact, in a short time the shepherd was so rich and prosperous, that no one in the village, or in the surrounding villages, was better off than he. He had a shepherd, a herdsman, a swineherd, a groom, and everything spick and span. Once our shepherd,

on Christmas Eve, bade his wife prepare wine and spirits and all that was necessary, and come in the morning to the wood, and bring the victuals with her to the pasturage, that they might picnic and enjoy themselves. His wife was agreeable, and did as her lord bade her.

So on the morrow they got up, made ready, and sallied forth. As soon as they reached the stock, the master said to his shepherds: "Come hither, my lads, seat yourselves, eat and drink, and to-night I will keep watch over the sheep." So it was; they gathered together, and he went to watch the sheep. A little after midnight, the wolves began to creep out and to speak in their language, and the dogs to discourse and reply in theirs. The wolves remarked: "Can we strangle a sheep or two?" And the dogs replied in their tongue: "Come along, and you shall glut yourselves, and not on butcher's meat." But among the dogs was an old hound with only two teeth left. This dog spake and replied to the wolves: "Hark'ee, until ye pluck out my two teeth, don't venture near the place, to bring loss and ruin to my master." Next morning, at daybreak, the master summoned the shepherds, and bade them kill all the dogs, and only leave the old hound alive. His servants began to implore him: "Master! prythee forbear! What have they done? It is a crime!" But he replied: "Do as I tell you, and not otherwise." Then he and his wife mounted their horses and went their way. He rode a stallion, and his wife a mare. And as they jogged along, his horse left the mare with his wife behind, and began to address her in their horse-language: "Step out quicker; how you lag behind!" And the mare replied: "La! brother, it is easy for you to order me about in this way, for you only carry one good soul, and forget that I am carrying three—the good lady herself, with her child inside her, and a dear little foal in me." When the man heard this, he burst out laughing, and turned and looked; and his wife saw him laughing, flicked up her mare, caught him up, and began pestering him to know what he was laughing about. He said to her: "Oh, nothing; only something tickled my fancy!" But this reply did not satisfy her, and she kept on worrying him to tell her what he was laughing at. Again and again he told her to shut up; she would not; and the more he told her to shut up, the more she importuned him. Finally, he said to her that if he told her, he would that instant die. But she was quite indifferent whether her husband died or not, and still continued to importune him: "Either tell me, or get along with you!"

As soon as they reached their home, they dismounted, and her husband, as soon as they had dismounted, bade her dig his grave; she dug it, and he lay down in it, and said to his wife: "Would you constrain me to tell you why I laughed? Come, then, and I will tell you; but that instant I shall die!" As he uttered these words, he looked about him for the last time, and observed that the old sheep-dog had come home from the cattle. And when he saw it, he bade his wife give it a piece of bread. She offered it a piece, but it would not look at it, but only sobbed and wept bitterly. Then a cock, seeing the bread, sidled up and began to peck at it. At this the sheep-dog turned and said to it: "The idea of your having a good appetite when he has to die: for do you not perceive that our master is doomed to death?" Whereupon the cock replied: "If he is such a blockhead, let him die! Why, what's the matter with him? I have a hundred wives, and, when I find a grain of millet, I cock-a-doodle 'em all round me, and afterwards peck and eat it myself. If one of them is riled, I give her such a pecking that she sneaks off, the sorriest draggletail of the hen-roost; and he hasn't gumption enough to manage one wife!" When the man heard that from the cock, he jumped out of the grave, seized a cudgel, and his wife hie, away! over hill and dale, he after her, and administered such a hiding that it never again occurred to her to ask him what he was laughing about!

[In the previous story we have a palisade adorned with heads; in the present one a gate composed of serpents. They both occur in the Finn epic of the Kalevalà, and the former betrays a very primitive, not to say cannibal, state of society. In early times, in the true and tender North, it would appear, from primitive Lapp legends, to have been the function of the boys "to take the poison from the vipers, for the poisoned arrows." This may help to explain the serpent gate. We see, then, that from the earliest times, even without the stimulus of Christianity, the races that were ultimately to develop into Holy Russia and most Protestant England had already begun to train their sons to be drunken, ill-mannered ruffians and cock-a-hoop, defiant little prigs.

Compare with this story the Czech ones, "Reason and Good Luck" and "Golden Locks." The visit to the snake Czar is the Arctic winter night; knowledge of the language of the animals, the voluble awakening of Nature to life in spring.]

APPENDIX I.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In publishing a Pan-Slavonic reading book, I had two objects in view. In the first place, I desired to offer the rising generation an opportunity of familiarising itself, by an easy, practical method, with all the essential differences to be met with in the printing and diction of the great Slavonic nation, which covers an immeasurable extent of territory of all latitudes, from the mountains of Bavaria to beyond the Ural and from Mount Athos to the Arctic Ocean, and which—though dwelling under various governments—already numbers no fewer than eighty million souls.

This nation can be classified as follows:

A. By its habitation, into Eastern, Western and Southern.

B. By its language, according to the analysis of Shafarik into six respective languages:

(*a*) The Russian, with three dialects: Great Russian, Little Russian, and White Russian.

(*b*) Bulgarian.

(*c*) Illyrian.

(*d*) Polish, with the Kashubian sub-language.

(*e*) Bohemian, with two dialects: Moravian and Hungarian Slovenian (Slovak).

(*f*) Servian-Lusatian, with the Upper and Lower Lusatian dialects.

Many of these dialects again sub-divide into various sub-dialects; and these again into an inextricable variety of local modes of speech. The limits and peculiarities of all these dialects and sub-dialects are fully dealt with by P. J. Shafarik in his "Slavonic Ethnology" (Prague, 1842), a work unique of its kind and hitherto unrivalled. Those who would study more profoundly the dialects and sub-dialects of the Chech Slovenian language in their multiplicity, peculiarities and differences, would do well to avail themselves of A. V. Shember's laborious work, "A Fundamental Dialectology of the Chesky-Slovenian (Vienna, 1864).

c. By its written character Slavdom is further divided into two camps. One, which follows the Greek Confession (Russians, Bulgarians, and part of the Servians and Montenegrins) employs the Cyrillian alphabet; and the other (Catholic Servians, and all the remaining Slavs) the Latin characters.

I have selected for my reading book popular Slav folk-lore stories and legends, in view of the fact that in them is most faithfully pourtrayed the genuine popular Slav language in its various strata and diversities, provided always that the stories have been carefully and conscientiously collected from the mouths of the people. Here, however, I have encountered not a few difficulties, because many collectors of popular legends and fairy stories, having only the object of compiling amusing reading in view, neglect the philological side, and also because some branches of the Slavonic are, as yet, without any such collections, or, at any rate, have only unpublished ones. In these cases my thanks are specially due to several persons distinguished by a special knowledge of the respective branches of the language above alluded to, who, with uncommon readiness, have good-naturedly seconded my endeavours by their praiseworthy writings, viz., Prof. Peter Lavrovsky, Charkov, by important extracts from some ancient Russian traditions, and by his works in the Little Russian language; Mr. R. Pavloff, by his Bulgarian works; Dr. F. Cenova, by his works in Kashubian; Vicar M. Horrick, by his Upper Lusatian, and Schoolmaster H. Kopf, by his Lower Lusatian studies; Pastor B. M. Kulda and Prof. F. Lepar by their works in the Moravian dialects. I must also express my hearty thanks to Mr. Alexander Hilferding, in St. Petersburg, and to Dr. J. F. Nowakowski, in Warsaw, who by their excellent printed collections, one in Russian and the other in Polish, have rendered me invaluable service.

In arranging the materials my aim has been to juxtapose dialects allied to one another ethnologically and by geographical position. Beginning with Bohemian, I have given an example of the Domazlic sub-dialect, which, however, is rapidly dying out, in proportion as the education of the rising generation progresses, and in a few years will have left behind it only a few insignificant traces. This has already been the fate of the East Bohemian dialect (for an example of which see Shember's "Dialectology," page 166). From the Bohemian, I pass by the Moravian to the Hungarian-Slovenian (Slovak), introducing a sub-division from each of these countries, taken in part from private letters, in part from printed collections.

The Upper Lusatian is connected with the Bohemian by means of the Old Bohemian ; the Lower Lusatian inclines to the Polish. The Kashubian, which in no long time will, perhaps, share the fate of the bygone Slav dialects of the Elbe, is certainly a sub-dialect of the Polish, but closer than Polish to the Bohemian. Polish and Great Russian find a link in White Russian. Little Russian, much closer than White Russian to Bohemian, again breaks up into several sub-dialects, of which only the three most important are indicated by examples, *viz.*, from Galicia, from the Government of Chernigoff, and from Southern Russia. As White Russian towards the East, so Little Russian towards the North, merges into Great Russian, examples of which are here given from six governments. Out of this dialect has grown the present literary Russian, which, by means of Old Russian, a language closely resembling Old Bohemian, is connected with Bulgarian. The Bulgarian, to the North-West, merges in Servian, which, in the Croatian dialect about Varajdin, again approximates to Bohemian. In the South, the Illyrian or Carinthian Slovenian, although geographically nearest to the Bohemian, diverges most from it in its forms among the Illyrian dialects, just as, in the North, the Upper Lusatian, though geographically nearer, is linguistically far remoter from the present Bohemian than is Polish or Kashubian.

As regards the orthography, I have limited myself to reproducing that of the writers in their native dialects, convinced of their competency in the matter, and that they adopted it after mature reflection. This explains how in some of the languages, *e.g.*, in Little Russian and Hungarian-Slovenian, as well as in the Servian in the Cyrillian characters, some writers spell one way and some another. This depends upon the fact that some writers have paid more attention to the etymology, others to the phonetics of the language. Two vocabularies of all the dialects and sub-dialects, one in the Cyrillian, the other in the Latin characters, are appended, containing all words as well as phrases, etc., which differ markedly from the Bohemian equivalents.

As stated above, my first object in compiling my reading book was to offer the rising generation an opportunity of acquainting itself with the other Slav languages and dialects. To this was joined a secondary one, *viz.*, the creation of a work which should comprise all that is best in our popular legends and fairy stories ; that is to say, whatever the whole of Slavdom had to offer most important for

its contents, and most perfect in its form. I wished to weave a garland of popular Slav tales in their original dress. In doing this, I have in general observed the rule not to repeat the same story in different dialects. I should like to have taken a general survey of the literature of Slav legends and folk-lore stories, so far as they have yet been published; but for various reasons I must for the present renounce it and defer it to another occasion, which, I trust, may soon offer itself. Meanwhile let it suffice to have indicated in the following table of contents, who collected the respective stories, or from what publication they were drawn.

I cannot disguise the fact that I consider this reading book of popular legends and fairy stories, for the most part written in prose, as only the first half of my task, to be completed by a sequel, *viz.*, a reading book of popular Slav songs. The greater part is already compiled, and if I succeed in bringing it out as well, I shall consider my work, although of only modest proportions, as complete and finished; for works of such dimensions as Firmenich's "Germaniens Völkerstimmen" or the French "Receuil général des poésies populaires de la France," although the materials are by no means wanting, are, for the present, at least in our case, out of the question.

To my young friends, Messrs. J. Rank and A. Pater, for their kindly aid in the work of correcting proofs, my hearty thanks.

PRAGUE.
St. Joseph's Day, 1865.

KAREL J. ERBEN,
The Editor.

APPENDIX II.

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APPENDIX III.

The following tables of the population of Cisleithania in 1897 was kindly given me by a most intelligent citizen of Klagenfort, Carinthia, a butcher, I believe, by trade, and also a town councillor, but whose name, like many in those parts, was so difficult to pronounce that I never succeeded in remembering it. A thousand thanks to him, none the less.

TABLE A. (RACIAL DISTRIBUTION.)

PROVINCE	NUMBER OF GERMANS	PER CENT. OF GERMANS	NUMBER OF SLAVS	PER CENT. OF SLAVS
Lower Austria	2,720,000	96	110,000	4
Upper Austria	810,000	99	5,000	—
Bohemia...	2,320,000	37·2	3,940,000	62·8
Moravia	700,000	29·4	1,700,000	70·6
Styria	900,000	67·3	430,000	32·2
Tyrol	570,000	60·0	Itals. 380,000	40·0
Silesia	310,000	47·8	Slavs 350,000	52·2
Carinthia	260,000	71·5	110,000	28·5
Galicia	250,000	3·5	6,900,000	96·5
Salzburg	180,000	99·7	†	3·0
Bukovina	140,000	20·2	330,000	45·6
			Roumanians 225,000	32·4
Illyria, or Küsten Länder	17,000	2·3	385,000	50·7
			Italians 347,000	47·0
Dalmatia	3,000	0·4	570,000	96·5
			Italians 180,000	3·1
Carniola	3,000	5·7	490,000	94·3
Germans in Cisleithania			9,200,000	36·0 %
Slavs			15,320,000	60·1 %
Roumanians			970,000	3·8 %
Magyars settled in Bukovina...			8,000	
Total Population of Cisleithania			25,498,000	

* Including the Salzburg. † See Upper Austria.

TABLE B. (THE POPULATION OF CISLEITHANIA CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO THEIR PROFESSION OF FAITH.)

Old Catholics (including disbelievers and others)	25,000	·1 per cent.
Evangelists	480,000	1·8 per cent.
Oriental Greek Christians	590,000	2·3 per cent.
Jews	1,250,000	4·9 per cent.
Græco-Russian, or Orthodox	2,980,000	11·7 per cent.
Papists	20,200,000	79·2 per cent.

NOTE.—Combining this table with the general results given in the previous one, it would appear that the Jews are there reckoned among the Germans, in which case the German element is rather less than it appears to be in the previous table.

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